

**JAN.—FEB.**

**6d.**

# **STEAD'S REVIEW**

**OF REVIEWS**

## **THE WAR.**

By **HENRY STEAD.**

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**THE MYTH OF GERMAN SUPERIORITY.**

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**OUR WORK IN THE PACIFIC.**

**SIR JOHN FRENCH.**

By **A. G. GARDINER.**



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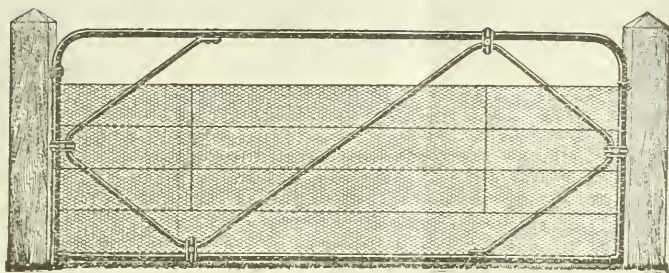


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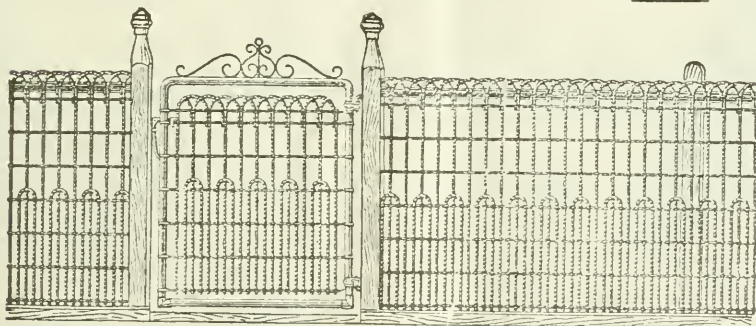


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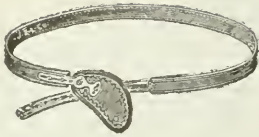
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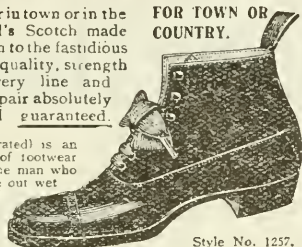
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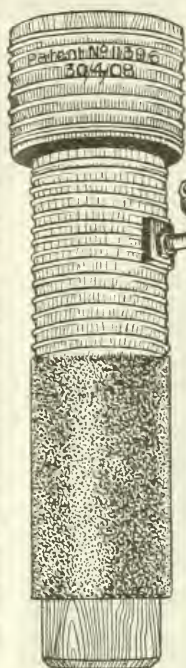
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OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

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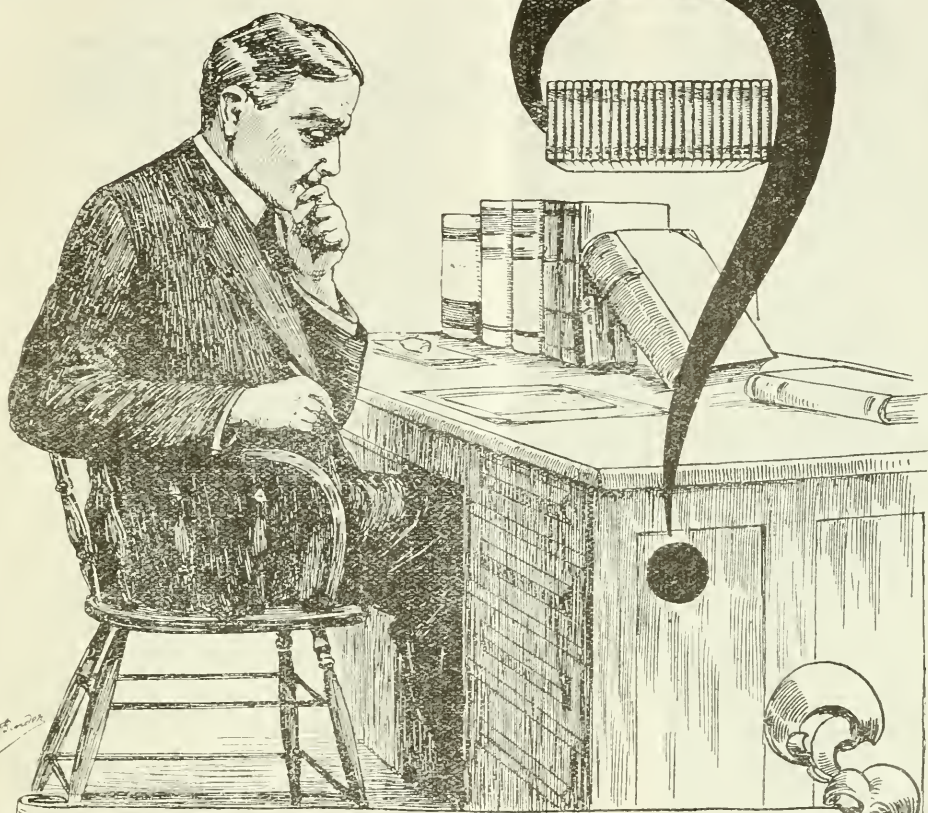
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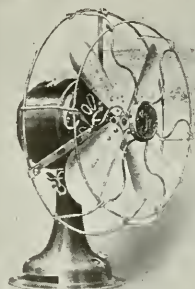
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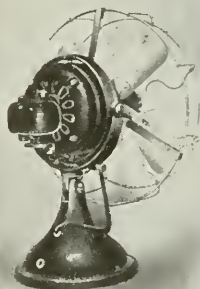
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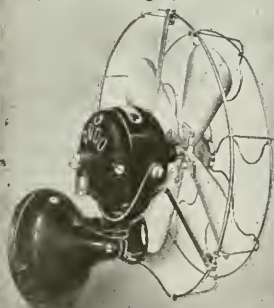
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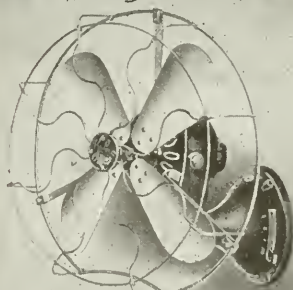
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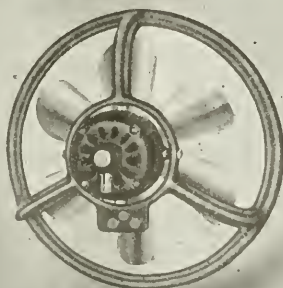
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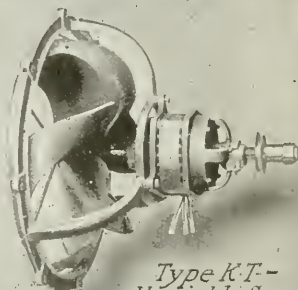
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FRANCE'S THREE GREAT LEADERS.  
Generals de Castelnau, Joffre and Pau.

## A SCRAP OF PAPER.

BY CIVIS AMERICANUS IN "THE OUTLOOK."

"Will you go to war just for a scrap of paper?"—The German Chancellor, August 5, 1914.

A mocking question! Britain's answer came  
Swift as the light and searching as the flame.

"Yes, for a scrap of paper we will fight,  
Till our last breath, and God defend the  
right!

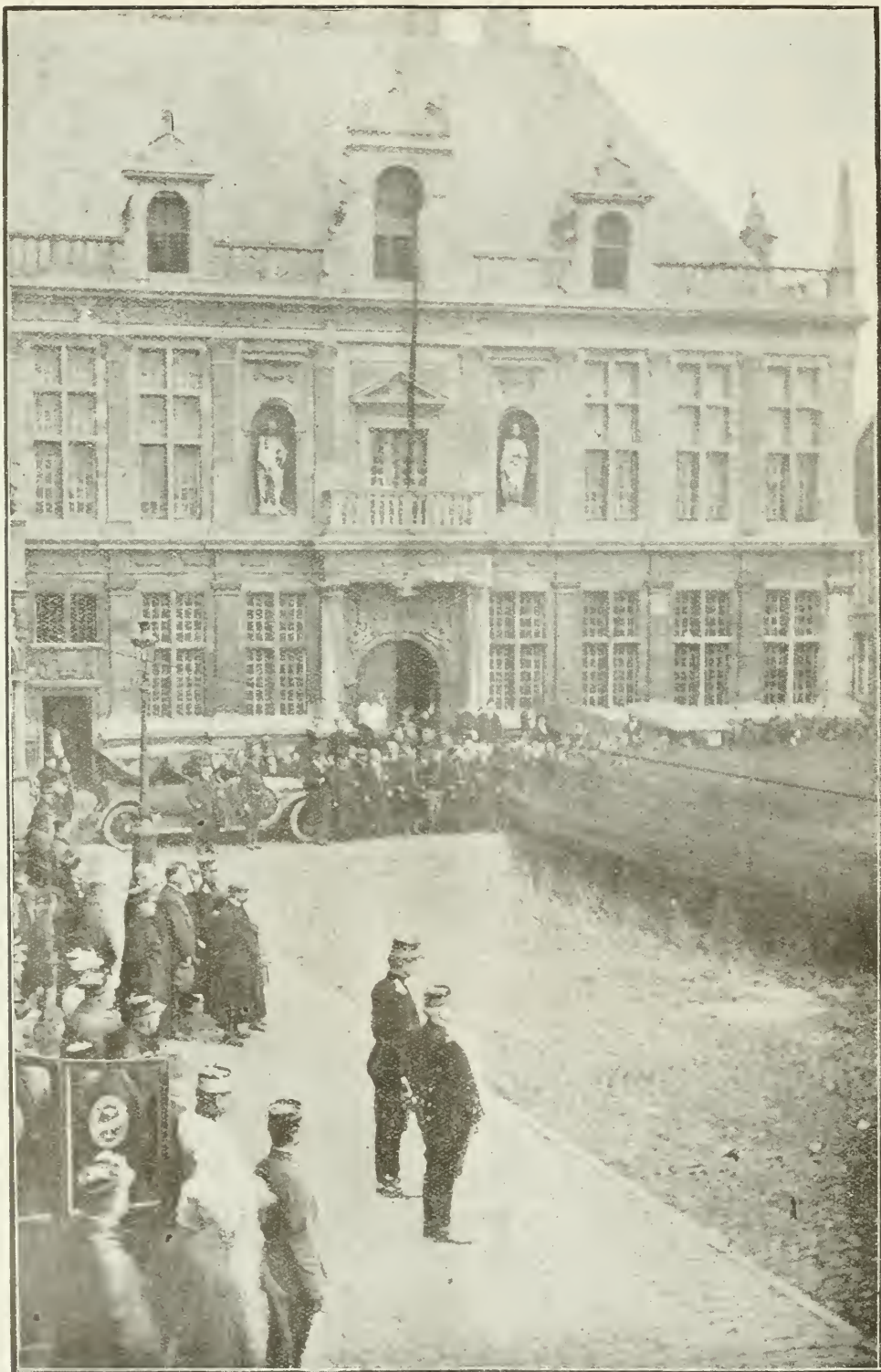
A scrap of paper where a name is set  
Is strong as duty's pledge and honour's debt.

A scrap of paper holds for man and wife,  
The sacrament of love, the bond of life.

A scrap of paper may be Holy Writ,  
With God's eternal word to hallow it.

A scrap of paper binds us both to stand  
Defenders of a neutral neighbour land.

By God, by faith, by honour, yes! we fight,  
To keep our name upon that paper white!"



#### A HISTORIC REVIEW.

The great French leader, General Joffre, and the heroic Belgian King reviewing French troops marching through Amiens on their way to the front.



# STEAD'S REVIEW

## OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY

HENRY STEAD.

### PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

JANUARY 5, 1915.

#### **A Month's Fighting.**

The outstanding features of the struggle on the sea since we wrote last month are the destruction of Admiral von Spee's fleet off the Falklands, the German raid on Yorkshire coast towns, the British aerial visit to Cuxhaven, and the loss of the *Formidable*. On land the chief events are the defeat and expulsion of the victorious Austrian armies from Serbia, the escape of the surrounded Germans west of Warsaw, and the Teutonic success in relieving the pressure on the Austrians in Galicia by an advance from west and north upon Warsaw. At that time the Polish capital seemed in danger, but the Russians held their own, and the German failure to take it has spelt disaster to the Austrians further south. Russia now holds several passes in the Carpathians, and the roads to Buda-Pesth and Vienna are now open to them. In Flanders, the position has altered little during the month, but the furious German attacks have died away, and the attempt to smash through to Calais has been abandoned. The Allies have advanced somewhat, but on the whole very little ground has been won. The great thing is that we hold the Germans, and have absolutely checked their advance. The position on the Aisne remains practically unchanged. The French have been unable to dislodge the Germans

from St. Mihiel, where they obtained a footing on the Meuse between Verdun and Toul. Further south, more success has followed their efforts, and the capture of Steinbach marks a distinct advance in Alsace, but the French have not yet reached any of the great German fortresses in the lost province. The Turks have been severely handled in the Caucasus; there is no sign of their advancing towards the Suez Canal. Great Britain has declared a protectorate over Egypt, and proclaimed Prince Hussien Kamel Pasha, Sultan. Italy has occupied Avlona, in Albania, and will probably endeavour to restore order in that unhappy principality.

#### **In Poland.**

During the month the Germans have not only escaped from the Russian trap, but have stormed back to within 25 miles of Warsaw. The news from Petrograd is clearly very unreliable. We are told, for instance, that in every hand-to-hand engagement the Russians have always proved successful—an obvious impossibility in a battle front 300 miles long—that satisfactory advance has been made, and German attacks everywhere repulsed. It is only by odd references to recaptured trenches, magnificent bayonet charges, which regained positions the Germans had won, and so on, and so forth that we learn of German successes. If, however, we follow

the map closely, and note where each Russian success has been won, our feeling that all is going well—the result of the optimistic tone of all the Petrograd messages—is rather badly shaken. We know that the Germans have reoccupied Mława, north of Warsaw, but we hear nothing at all of their further doings there. We are told that the Russians have won a great fight west of Łowicz, and then that the Siberians have distinguished themselves at a spot which is east of that place, and nearer Warsaw. Then great victories are reported on the Pilica River, and a casual reference is made to regaining lost trenches at Rawa, a spot, not in Galicia, as some of our experts seem to imagine, but some 20 miles south-east of Łowicz. Sifting out this mass of contradictions, one is forced to the conclusion that although the Germans have been severely checked in their effort to capture Warsaw, they are again closing round the city, holding the Russians in the west, and advancing from the north. We have not yet forgotten the emphatic statements from Petrograd that Łódź was safe when it had been in German hands for some days, and as a result take all news emanating from that source with considerable reserve.

#### Into Hungary.

Far more success has followed the Russian arms in Galicia, and some of the most important passes over the Carpathians are now in their hands. The snow at this time of the year will be a serious obstacle, but apparently the Tsar's troops are streaming across the mighty mountains, and are striking into Hungary. The Dukla Pass leads straight into country inhabited by Slavs, and it is highly probable that the Russians will find themselves amongst friends. There is a broad belt of country running from the Carpathians through Moravia to Bohemia, along which dwell Czechs and Slovaks. We know that during the Balkan war the Bohemian Czechs refused to go to the Servian frontier, and, as a result of this revolt, many were shot. They are likely to hail the Russians as deliverers, and help rather than hinder their ad-

vance. If the Russians are able to get over the Carpathians in sufficient numbers the need for taking Cracow disappears, they will have entered by the back door, but will reach Vienna that way just as easily as if they had used the front entrance. If defeated at Warsaw, though, the Hungarian excursion would have to be temporarily abandoned.

#### Turkish Troubles.

The Turks appear to be having a bad time in the Caucasus. They meet there an old enemy, a man who defeated them again and again in Thrace, General Dimitrieff, the brilliant Bulgarian leader. When he left the Bulgarian, and entered the Russian army, he was given high command, and, earlier in the war, was in charge of the operations against the still unsubdued fortress of Przemyśl. The fighting in Armenia will be fierce, and the bitter cold will add to the horror of the business. Enver Pasha, who has never shone as a leader in the field, has been defeated, and resigned his command to the German General von Sanders. The Turks have never taken kindly to German methods, although history shows that under British leaders they have performed brilliantly. A single German submarine, the U-9, its captain, Commander Weddigen, sank the *Hawke*, the *Crecy*, the *Hogue*, and the *Aboukir*, but the Germans have no monopoly of brilliant submarine work. Commander Holbrook, with the old B-5 actually dived under the mine field in the Dardanelles, and, despite the tremendous current, successfully navigated the Hellespont, and then torpedoed the Turkish warship *Messudieh*. More remarkable still, he escaped untouched, to receive promotion, the Victoria Cross, and a nation's cheers. We have no definite news of a Turkish advance in force towards the Suez Canal, and there is no chance whatever of their being able to damage it, even if they can cross the intervening desert. Thirty thousand Australasian troops are close handy, not to mention the native Egyptian army, some regiments of British territorials and Indian troops.



**A Brilliant Feat.**

Everyone will have read the official account of the arrival of our troops, and must admire the way in which the disembarkation was carried out. The splendid manner in which the troopships were handled at every port where they called, on the voyage, in the Canal, and at Alexandria, reflects the greatest credit on the naval officer who had them under his command. That transit of the Canal, by the way, must have cost us some £50,000 in dues! As it is reckoned that the hire of the transports comes to £6000 per day, and the men's pay per day reaches the respectable total of over £7000, it is easy to see that we will need all the £18,000,000 we got from Great Britain and even more.

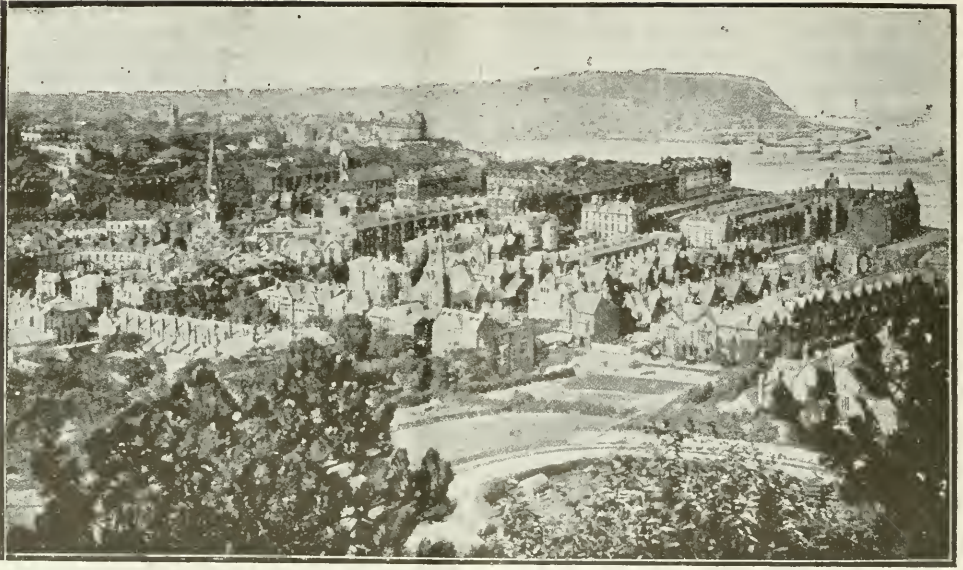
**The German Naval Raid.**

On Wednesday, December 16th, German battle cruisers and armoured vessels suddenly appeared off the Yorkshire coast and shelled Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby. The bombardment lasted about half an hour, but during that time considerable damage

was done. The fort at Hartlepool replied, but without effect. Scarborough, although fortified many years ago, does not now mount guns, or did not before the war began. Whitby has no fort at all. The loss of life was greatest in Hartlepool, over a hundred people being killed, including some of the garrison. Having done their work, the German ships sped back to safety, unmolested by any of our large ships. There has been considerable outcry against the Admiralty for not policing the East Coast more effectively, but those who protest hardly realise that by so doing they play direct into the enemy's hands. The systematic policy of the Germans has been to wear down our fleets by attrition. Their own capital ships remain in harbour, and by mines and submarine attack, the German naval men endeavour to reduce our great preponderance in ships. But to do this they must be able to get at our Dreadnoughts and battleships, therefore our naval authorities take care that they shall not have the chance. Nothing but torpedo destroyers, submarines and light cruisers patrol the North Sea. Our great ships

**FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.**

The first land which would be sighted by the German warships when they raided the Yorkshire Coast. Note the fishermen's cobbles drawn well up out of reach of the sea.



SCARBOROUGH FROM OLIVER'S MOUNT.

In the background is Castle Hill, where not so long ago cannon were mounted. The Barracks are situated on this promontory.

are certain to be tucked away quietly somewhere, out of danger from submarine attack, but quite near enough to be promptly on the spot the moment the German fleet comes out. Until the Kaiser's ships do emerge, it would be the greatest folly to help the Germans reduce our strength by having large ships in the North Sea.

The German raid was no mere raging reply to the sinking of the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisnau*, it was a calculated attempt to induce us to bring out powerful ships to prevent a second onfall of like nature. This would give their submarines the chance they wanted. Failing in their object we may certainly expect further raids of a similar nature before long.

#### When Is a Town Defended?

According to the Hague Convention a town may be bombarded if it is defended, and no doubt the Germans can shelter themselves from the condemnation of civilisation, behind the assertion that there were soldiers in all the towns shelled, and that the entire east coast has been put into a state to repel any attempted invasion. It is quite possible that technically Germany may

be able to justify her action; she may not have transgressed the letter of the law, but no amount of explanation can exonerate her from having broken its real intention. Of course, even in this war defenceless towns, or towns defended only by soldiers, have been shelled, both on the coasts of the Black and Red Seas, and on the Arabian Gulf, the real difference between such actions and that of the Germans being that there was some definite object to be gained by subduing the towns themselves. The Germans merely fired on the Yorkshire towns in order to lure our mighty battleships from their safe anchorage, to bring them within range of the Teutonic submarines.

#### Plugged Mines.

There are two reasons why Scarborough, Whitby and Hartlepool were selected as the victims for the German experiment. In the first place they happen to be the nearest to Germany; in the second the water is deep close against them. Further north and further south the twenty-fathom line is as far as ten miles out to sea. Half-a-mile off Scarborough there is a depth of over 150 feet. As the Germans used



battle cruisers, drawing over thirty feet, they naturally took care to visit spots where there would be no danger from shallows. The laying of mines, by the way, by a flying ship is permitted by the Hague Convention. It is stipulated, though, that these must sink within an hour of being sown. This is managed by using a plug of sugar, which slowly melts, and in sixty minutes allows the water to flood the mine. The Germans appear to have forgotten the plugs! Both England and Germany have strewed mines in the North Sea, and the mine fields are located and well known now. There is not much proof that loose mines have been sown, nor is this surprising, as an anchored mine is so much more likely to be effective. The Germans have transgressed by planting these mines indiscriminately to trap merchantmen, instead of confining themselves to using them to defend their own coasts.

#### An Aerial Raid.

The British raid on Cuxhaven was a brilliant episode, although not much material advantage resulted from it. It

was a daring exploit, and, in carrying it out, none of our capital ships were risked. On the water, under the water and in the air, our daring naval men passed Heligoland, and attacked Cuxhaven itself. Two of the fleetest scout ships were used, the *Undaunted* and the *Arethusa*, both of which have already achieved fame in the war during their trying patrol work in the North Sea. They had destroyers and submarines with them, and launched hydroplanes when they approached the German coast. These cruisers appear to have been attacked by submarines, but demonstrated what naval men have always maintained that, if a ship moves quickly, no submarine can harm her. The seaplanes sailed over Cuxhaven, and dropped bombs, and the pilots finally won back to safety, though several planes were lost. No German warships emerged to engage the cruisers, although they remained in the vicinity for three hours. This points to the probability of the German vessels being tucked away behind floating defences which cannot be quickly removed, or else to their not being at this end of the Canal, but at



WHITBY ABBEY.

The famous ruins crown the hill south of the town. At one time far inland, the Abbey is now on the edge of the sea, whose encroachments have now been stopped.

the other. Whether the bombs dropped did much damage or not is not known, probably they did little judging by the achievements of aviators elsewhere. To drop a bomb from a height of 5000 feet, when the plane is travelling at the rate of 60 miles an hour, on a given spot is practically impossible. Perhaps the most gratifying part of the brilliant little action is the demonstration that Zeppelins are powerless against warships properly armed to meet them. We assume, of course, that they were Zeppelins and not Parsevals which attempted to engage our cruisers.

### England in Darkness.

Letters from England indicate that there is great uneasiness creeping insidiously throughout the whole land. The darkness of London and other great cities at night has a very depressing effect, more so than one would imagine. Not only are the streets practically unlighted, but even on the railway trains all lights are extinguished when crossing the Thames or other important bridges. No light may be shown in any house until all blinds have been drawn down. Wholesale withdrawal of residents on the East Coast to places farther inland is contemplated, is, in fact, taking place. Prices of necessities are steadily increasing; tea is up 3d. a lb., eggs for cooking (usually 18 a 1/-), now fetch 2½d. each, meat costs 2d. a lb. more, fish is scarce and poor. Sugar, usually 2d. a lb., varies from 3¼d. to 4d., and jam is almost unobtainable, as jam-making has practically ceased owing to the high price of sugar. But everyone shows a quiet determination that Britain must make every effort, and must see this thing through no matter what the cost.

### A New German Army.

We are so far away that we do not perhaps quite realise the situation, we fondly imagine that when Kitchener's million men land in France in April, the end will be in sight—vain dream! We forget, perhaps, we don't even know, that by that time Germany will be able to counter the British million with a new army at least as strong, which at this moment is undergoing training just

as is that of Great Britain. In France almost every physically fit man must train as a soldier; in Germany on the other hand, almost half the male population is exempt, and it is safe to say that at least 3,000,000 fit men between the ages of 18 and 45 have never had any military training at all. Directly the war broke out, great numbers of these men volunteered, and no doubt since then the others will be compelled to join the colours whether they would or no. But these men are as entirely untrained as the Australian, New Zealand or British volunteers, and, like them, will not be able to take the field for some months. It is quite possible that the exigencies of the situation may compel the Germans to rush their volunteers to the front before they are properly trained, hoping that with their help they will break through the Allies' ring of steel before the British reinforcements arrive, but it would be sheer foolishness to lose sight of this reserve of 3,000,000 possible soldiers our foe can command. We cannot hope for any very great preponderance in numbers until later in the year when the vast masses of semi-trained Russians are properly equipped for the field.

### When will the War End?

We have always held that this war would not be brought to an end by any great military success. Economic exhaustion of Germany is what we have to count on. Time is on our side, but it is a terribly expensive ally, costing us indeed millions every day. If those are right who assert that Germany has prepared for this war for the last decade, and carefully selected the moment for embarking on it, then we cannot hope that she will run out of petrol, copper and other things vital to carrying on the war, for many a long day, and the struggle may go on for years. If, on the other hand, right lies with those who consider that, whilst preparing for a war she considered inevitable, some time she did not plunge into it on an occasion specially arranged by herself, we may hope for a far earlier economic exhaustion, and the end of the war within twelve, or, at most, eighteen



months. Germany's Achilles' heel, however, is Austria. The utter collapse of her ally would leave the whole of Southern Germany open to attack, and to defend so great a frontier would prove well-nigh impossible.

#### **Egypt Joins the Empire.**

On the same day that the German warships raided the East Coast "Egypt was placed under the protection of His Majesty King George V.," and the suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt was thus terminated. That this would happen some time was inevitable, the opportunity only was wanted, and, by his reckless plunge into the war, the Sultan gave it. The real annexation of the land of the Pharaohs took place not on December 16, 1915, but in 1912 when, with Britain's consent, France instituted a protectorate over Morocco, and recognised that she had no further rights in Egypt. England took sole control of the country in 1883, and her rule has been most beneficent. In fact, no one can review the position in Egypt without being forced to admit that the British occupation has been of immense benefit to the Egyptians. We found a bankrupt country; we have made it not only self-supporting, but we have made it wealthy. We found the felaheen downtrodden, ground with taxes and hopeless; we have made him self-respecting, self-supporting, and a landowner. We found the whole administration rotten with corruption; we have made it efficient and pure. We have endeavoured to teach the Egyptians to rule themselves, but thus far without much success. Naturally those who benefited under the old regime resent our continued presence, and those who think they can rule, but really are unfit, want us out of the way. These folk will have to be reckoned with. There dwell in Egypt 10,500,000 Moslems, 700,000 Copts (Christians), 77,000 Greek Orthodox, 58,000 Roman Catholics, and 39,000 Jews. Of the 151,000 foreigners, 63,000 are Greeks, 35,000 Italians, 21,000 British, 14,600 French, 7800 Austrian, 2500 Russian, and 2000 Ger-

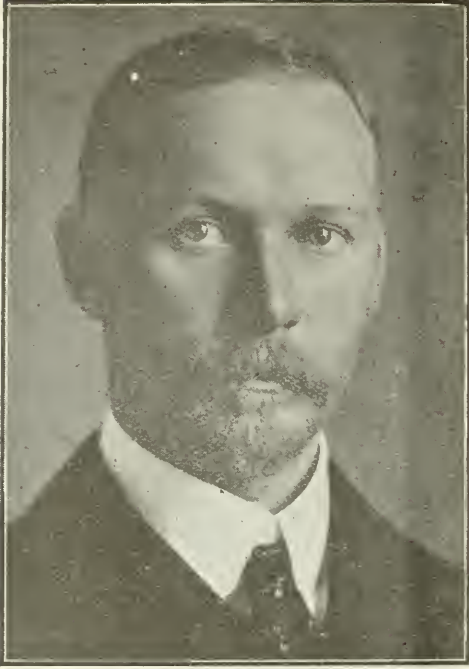
man. Amongst those classed as Egyptians are, of course, many Turks.

#### **A New Caliph.**

It is a very far-sighted action on the part of the British Government to make a Mohammedan prince, Sultan of Egypt. It is quite possible, even probable, that this war may result in the disappearance of Turkey as a Power in the land; there may be no Sultan, no Caliph left as official head of the Mohammedan world. But if he ceases to exist, there will be a Sultan ready, willing and able to take over the headship of this great sect. If, ultimately, the caliphate shifts from Constantinople to Cairo, it will undoubtedly be greatly to British advantage. The threatened Jihad which was to sweep over North Africa, Persia and India at the command of Mohammed V., has not apparently eventuated, and it is doubtful if a Holy War could ever be effectively proclaimed. But, apart from that, the Caliph has very great influence, and it would be far better for us to have him a friendly ruler under our protection than an "unspeakable Turk." Letters from India point to anticipated trouble with the Ameer of Afghanistan. This state was encouraged by the British Government, as it was anxious to have a buffer between Russia and India, but that need having passed away, the Ameer is no longer as important a personage as he was. In the general unrest it seems probable that he will make some attempt to embarrass his old protectors, and just now we want no trouble on the Indian border. There are quite enough troops left in India, though, to squash any disturbance that may take place.

#### **The End of De Wet.**

The rebellion in South Africa has been crushed; but it is now obvious that it was far more serious than was at first admitted. Judging from the number of commandoes mentioned and the captures and surrenders it is clear that the rebels must have totalled at least 15,000. By acting so promptly General Botha was able to capture or destroy small parties before they could carry out any concerted action. The



GENERAL SMUTZ.  
Minister of Defence in South Africa.

rounding up of De Wet is a remarkable illustration of the way in which the horse has been superseded by the motor. In the Boer war it was their mobility which enabled Botha's forces to hold out so long. Just twelve years later, their faith in their horses has proved the undoing of the rebels. They could never outdistance their pursuers in the tireless cars. Now that the South Africans have set their own house in order they are proceeding to attack the Germans in South West Africa. This is a formidable undertaking, so great, indeed, that for the first time in our Empire men are being compelled to fight; there are not enough volunteers. We don't realise what conscription means, one needs to visit the Continent to understand it. Imagine only boys and old men left. Women conductors on street cars, no prize fights, cricket or football matches, for there would be no one to look at them. A deserted Block in Melbourne, for all the men would have gone. Every business handicapped, almost at a standstill. No tradesmen calling for orders, no one left to

unload boats, work mines or cultivate the soil. May we never have to come to that!

#### An Italian Gibraltar.

Avlona, which cables now say, has just been occupied by Italian troops, was in reality taken by them on October 26th. It lies in unquiet Albania, just opposite Otranto, the two towns absolutely dominating the bottleneck entrance to the Adriatic. The Straits of Otranto are only forty miles across, and the Power holding both shores absolutely controls the Adriatic. In the Middle Ages this was a Venetian lake. By seizing Avlona Italy converts it into an Italian sea, and Austria ceases to be a naval power. Both Austria and Italy wanted Avlona, and could not stand either Servia or Greece holding it. So they created Albania to keep each other out, and prevent any Balkan State getting in. It has a marvellous harbour. If nature had called in trained engineers to help her, she could not have designed a better naval base than Avlona. All the warships of the



GENERAL BEYERS.  
Former head of the Defence Forces, who turned rebel.



world could ride at anchor there, and—once it has been fortified—all the navies in the world could not force their way in. Italy makes the disturbed state of Albania—they are cutting one another's throats there—an excuse for her occupation, but she would never have dared send a single marine there had she not felt certain that Germany and Austria are going to be defeated. Once she is established in this Albanian Gibraltar she will never relinquish it. Nor is Greece likely to withdraw from Southern Albania, of which her troops have taken possession "for humanitarian purposes."

#### The "Ins" at Work.

Everyone naturally wants to know which British ships took part in the brilliant engagement off the Falkland Islands, on December 8th, 1914, that resulted in the destruction of the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisau*, *Nuernberg* and *Liepsig*, and there is no reason why we should not use our deductive powers to make a pretty close guess. Certain things are obvious. The fact that Admiral Sturdee was in command shows that there were ships in our squadron which had been specially sent out from Home to find and destroy the German vessels. The British suffered hardly any loss; clearly, therefore, our guns outranged the Germans, for the latter have shown that they were no mean shots, as witness the ill-fated *Monmouth* and *Good Hope*. Our ships must have been more speedy than those of the foe, otherwise the latter would have run for it. To find which ships we had then we must discover which comply with these conditions. The heavy armament eliminates all our armoured cruisers, the most formidable of which, the *Minatour* type, mount only four 9.2-inch guns. None of our battleships, except the last six Dreadnoughts, are speedy enough, and these half-dozen could, of course, not be spared from the North Sea. This process of elimination leaves only battle cruisers, of which Great Britain has nine, including the *Australia*. It is highly improbable that the four latest additions, the *Tiger*, *Queen Mary*, *Princess Royal* or *Lion*, all having 13.5 inch guns, could be spared. We are

therefore left with the four "Ins" (*Invincible*, *Inflexible*, *Indomitable*, *Indefatigable*) and the *New Zealand*. The last three "Ins" have been upholding British prestige in the Mediterranean since the outbreak of war. The *New Zealand* and the *Invincible* have taken part in fighting in the North Sea, where swift and powerful ships are badly needed. It is nothing like so far from Gibraltar to the Falklands as from let us say the Firth of Forth. Speed was one of the essentials; the German ships menacing our commerce had to be destroyed as quickly as possible, hence everything points to the *Inflexible*, *Indomitable*, and *Indefatigable* having been the ships which knocked out Admiral von Spee. At least two such ships would be needed, probably all three.

#### Modern Naval War.

The Falkland fight, the battle off the Chilian coast, the destruction of the *Emden* and the sinking of the German torpedo boats by the *Undaunted* all teach the same lesson. Formerly a cleverly handled ship, mounting fewer, and less powerful guns than her foe, had a good chance of victory. British history supplies innumerable instances of this. The little *Revenge* stood the battering of a fleet of mighty Spanish galleons for hours; Drake and his hardy fellows smashed the huge Armada; Nelson's less powerful ships ended Napoleon's dream of invading England when they shattered the combined might of France and Spain at Trafalgar. Modern ordnance has altered all that. A ship with slightly inferior guns has not the slightest chance against a more heavily armed foe. Individual bravery counts hardly at all and superior seamanship even will not give the victory. You may bring your ship into a better position than that of the foe, but unless your guns are equal, his will knock you out immediately. On land the general wins who can bring the heaviest artillery and the most guns to bear on a given point. It is exactly the same on the sea. The more powerful ship will always win. The only unknown factor is the submarine, which works surreptitiously in the dark, and delivers its blow, unseen



H.M.S. GOOD HOPE.

Sunk by the Germans in a storm off the coast of Chili. It is obvious that in a high sea the 6-inch guns could not be used, and the after 9.2-inch would also not be able to do much. The single 9.2-inch gun forward was disabled early in the fight.

and unexpected. When equally gunned ships fight, seamanship may decide the day, a lucky shot may win the fight! A weaker ship has no chance. She cannot get near enough to hit back, as witness the *Emden* and the *Good Hope*. Another thing the actions have demonstrated is the hopeless position of a beaten ship. In the old days the crew of one of our "wooden walls" had an excellent chance of being picked up, when, after much battering, the ship sank. There was abundance of floating spars, and wood of all sorts. Nowadays the ship goes down with all hands—the sailors have no chance at all. A few may be picked up, if they can keep swimming long enough, but the prospect even of that is pretty small unless the weather be perfectly calm. Appalling loss of life would take place in a first-class modern naval battle. The Germans must have lost some 1500 in the Falkland action, a minor affair. Nelson lost just about the same at Trafalgar, a battle that decided the supremacy of the sea for a century.

#### A Century of Peace.

On January 3, 1815, peace was signed between Great Britain and the United States, and during the ensuing hundred years neither has drawn the sword against the other. This century of peace has witnessed a remarkable growth in both the great English-speaking countries. At that time the United States had a population of only 8,000,000, and was just about half its present size. To-day no less than 100,000,000 people dwell there. In 1815 only 12,000,000 people lived in the British Isles, and our Empire was unpeopled. But the whites in the Empire are now just half as numerous as the Americans. The two countries have come much more closely together during the last two decades than they have ever been before. So intimate, indeed, have relations become that the dream of those who long ago saw the union of the English-speaking world is no longer just a glorious vision, but may become reality before many years are passed. It had been intended to celebrate this centennial anniversary in



appropriate fashion, but Earl Grey writes us that all arrangements have had to be cancelled because of the war. We cannot, however, let the occasion go by without referring to the glorious years of peace, and voicing the hope that ere another centenary shall have come round war shall have been utterly banished from the earth. It is curious that hardly anyone knows why America and Great Britain went to war in 1812, and rather significant to find that the main *causæ belli* was the question of contraband, that very right of search about which there is trouble a hundred years later!

#### America and Contraband.

The United States has entered a formal protest against the manner in which her ships and cargoes have been stopped and searched by British war-ships. Whilst the note was a firm statement of the American point of view, it was apparently couched in friendly terms, and the matter will undoubtedly be amicably settled. Certain papers, who take a delight in endeavouring to create ill-feeling between the two great branches of the English-speaking world, tore indignation to tatters in their wild comments on the brief cables which mentioned one or two of the arguments used by President Wilson. Without waiting to learn the full text they demonstrated, to their own satisfaction, that America was demanding entire liberty to trade with the belligerents, and that she entertained too slender a respect for treaty obligations of a moral character. She endorsed, we are told, the Declaration of London without hesitation, but now desires it to be modified because its enforcement restrains American exporters from taking risks which they otherwise would take. America has expressed no desire to have the Declaration modified; what she does object to, it would appear, are the modifications which Great Britain herself introduced. The position is pretty much as follows:—Last August the British naval authorities announced that they would follow the rules of the Declaration of London with certain exceptions. Now Article 65 of the Declaration reads that its provisions “must be

treated as a whole, and cannot be separated,” and means that the British proposal to ratify with changes cannot be acceptable to the Powers represented at the Naval Conference which drew up the Declaration. Now, amongst the articles which, according to the Declaration of London, must never be treated as contraband are:—Cotton, wool, silk, jute, flax, hemp, rubber, hides and skins, but England states that she will treat both rubber and hides, as well as copper, lead, iron ore and leather as conditional contraband. It is absurd to attack America as one of the parties of the Declaration, because she cannot approve of exceptions made to it by a Power which refused to sign the Declaration at all.

#### Continuous Voyage.

The whole question of contraband is one which requires the most delicate handling. Fortunately, our statesmen are much more reasonable than some of our journalists, and have met the American remonstrance in a friendly spirit. It is probable that the difficulty arose over the detention of the American ship *Kroonland* at Gibraltar. Her cargo of copper and rubber was consigned to Naples, but the British authorities stated that its ultimate destination was Germany, and, threw the onus of proof that it was not, on the ship owners. These stated that if the goods were confiscated they intended to appeal to the State Department at Washington, and no doubt they have done so. Other American ships that have been held up are the *John D. Rockefeller*, with oil for Denmark, the *Brindilla* and the *Platuria*. It will be almost impossible to prove that goods now shipped to Italy were intended for Germany. When war broke out Germany no doubt managed to get most of the copper and oil stored in neutral countries. To make good depleted stocks much more of these goods will have to be imported by neutrals than in normal years. It is, however, imperative that we stop Germany getting things she needs for carrying on the fight, and, as America realises this too, the present trouble is likely to be settled with the minimum of friction.

In discussing the question, we ought not to forget the clause in the said London Declaration which states that the doctrine of "continuous voyage" does not apply at all to conditional contraband except when the belligerent is entirely without sea board. England, therefore, cannot point to the Declaration as giving the right to hold up cargoes of copper and rubber consigned to a neutral port even if they were ultimately intended for the enemy.

#### NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

The fight is over—for the moment. A temporary end of the three great campaigns has been reached. The result of the political struggle is as interesting as it is unsatisfactory. Never before in our history has the political position been so uncertain. Yesterday it was "40 all." To-day it is 41—39. No prophet can foretell what the state of parties may be to-morrow. The elections made several things clear, however. Arrayed against the Government are the combined forces of Liberals and Labour. All things considered, the opposition to the Government was wonderfully unanimous. Three years ago Sir Joseph Ward (then Prime Minister) met hostile crowds in his campaign. Hostility has given place to cheers, and his recent tour of the country was something in the nature of a triumphal march. The hostility was for the nonce diverted to the Prime Minister (Mr. Massey). In some centres the hostility was certainly not intelligent, and bordered dangerously near hooliganism. Despite the strong feeling, however, there were no real cases of discreditable rowdiness.

The present figures give the Government a majority of two members, but one seat is still in doubt. With the appointment of a Speaker, half of its majority disappears. With the appointment of Chairman of Committees its majority would be gone, and all party questions would be decided on the Chairman's casting vote. And, strange to relate, the Government for the second time wins office on a minority vote of the electors. Thus the result of the fight may be summed up as a defeat for the

Government, and only a moral victory for the Opposition.

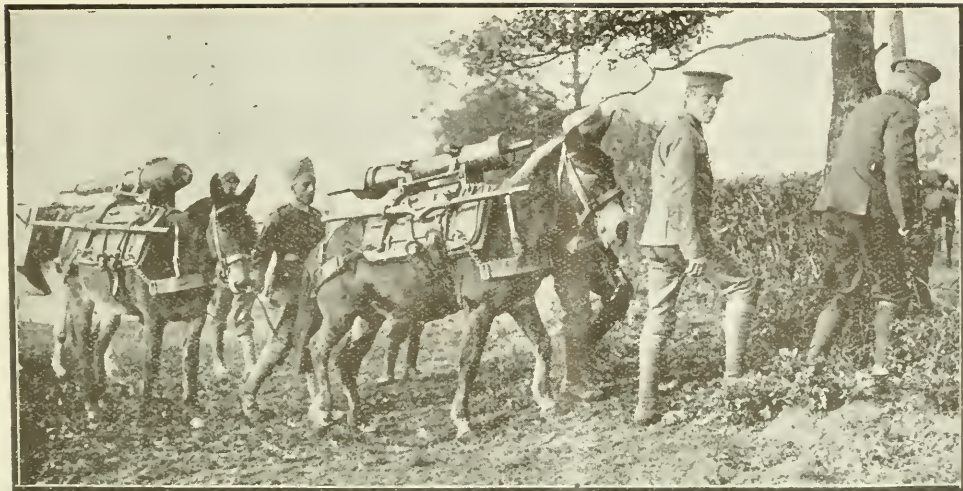
Whether the Government has an actual majority or not it is probable that it will carry on for awhile. A coalition Ministry is unlikely for various reasons, but ere long the electors will again have to be appealed to. An election in six months' time would not be surprising.

Labour joined forces with the Opposition, and improved its vote considerably. Combined Labour has exactly the same number of members in the new Parliament as in the last House. The six Labour members represent three brands—Labour Party, Social Democrats, and unattached. In the last Parliament three Social Democrats held seats. The number is reduced to two. The Labour Party has three in the new House, as against two in the last, and again there is one unattached member. All are pledged to vote against the Government.

The final figures for the licensing polls are not available, but the no-licence movement has had a distinct setback. The total vote has slumped by many thousands, but some good judges declare that it is almost wholly on account of the war.

The third issue in the triple campaign was the question of the Bible in schools. The movement has been badly led, and some of the tactics employed on its behalf can only be classed as deplorable. Prosecutions are likely to follow as a result of the distribution of certain literature designed to defeat opponents of the Bible in Schools League. The position at the moment, and the result of the campaign, appears to be best put in these words by an undoubted authority:—"Of the members elected to the new Parliament, 48 are totally opposed to a religious referendum. Of the remaining 28 who are prepared to support a Referendum Bill, only 18 would support the whole Bill as demanded by the league. Several have made provisos which would be rejected by the league. Thus there is a majority of 20 against the whole Religious Referendum Bill, and a majority of 30 against the unaltered Bill, as demanded by the league."





A FAMOUS MOUNTAIN BATTERY.

This battery, from the frontier of Afghanistan is remarkable for its complete equipment, and for the wonderful way it is able to traverse hilly districts and rough country where other batteries would be useless.

## FREDERICK PALMER ON THE BUSINESS OF WAR.

That splendid war correspondent, Frederick Palmer, author of the "Last Shot," and participator in every recent war, has some true and biting things to say in his most readable article in *Everybody's* about the grim business of war. When it started officers had to prove their leading; privates to prove their courage. In the morning of war every officer and soldier was fresh with energy. The officers of all the armies unnecessarily exposed themselves. Each nation rejoiced in those early exploits of abandoned courage which proved that the old spirit still survived. Troops going into their first charges swept on in formations whose fearful exposure was all very well for manœuvres, but not against modern artillery, rifle, and machine-gun fire.

Old heads expected this. Temerity was better than timidity at the start. Germany had her exhibit of the folly of heedless bravery before Liege and in the daring of the Crown Prince's army before French trenches; France had hers in the first rush against German trenches in Alsace; Russia hers in East Prussia; England hers in the charge of the Ninth Lancers, which, unlike that of the Light Brigade, was not because someone had blundered, but because they

"wanted to do it." Each nation gave its press only the story of the charges that succeeded. It left untold those of the decimation of battalions, regiments, and brigades to no purpose.

With the Aisne, the mental ecstasy and physical ardour of the troops were spent. Discomfort and hardship became the commonplaces of existence. German officers who started out with dress-suit cases following them on motor trucks were glad to have a tooth-brush and comb in their pockets. English officers who had rubber baths and pyjamas and mattresses in their kits found it a luxury to sleep in a haymow and get off their boots.

There was an end to the sport of war. It had become a business, an occupation. The courage of impulse had passed. In its place had come the courage of wisdom, of grim, tactical cunning and determination. All commanders had passed the word for officers to take care not to expose themselves unnecessarily. An officer is a piece of property, costly to train, not readily replaced. The wise regimental commander was not he who rushed on with the charge in face of overpowering fire, but he who took cover and reported the estimated losses it would cost to gain the position and awaited the answer of the staff as to whether or not it was worth while. Each army had learned

the extent and the limitation of its power. Batteries that poured out ammunition prodigally in the beginning, learned to bide their time till a maximum amount of punishment could be inflicted. Killing became cold-blooded.

The aeroplanes had found out their uses; exactly how low they might descend, whether their position warranted pursuit of or flight from another plane.

Reserves in close order seeing a smoke-ball overhead from a passing enemy's plane scattered instantly, knowing that the smoke-ball was a signal to the enemy's guns which would send a flight of shells to the spot. The man with his finger on the trigger of a machine-gun did not get "buck fever" and fire too soon. He knew the psychological moment for opening the nozzle of his bullet-stream, confident, however ominous the charge appeared, that it could be stopped before it reached the trenches. Infantry learned where to look for rapid-fire guns and instinctively to concentrate its fire on them when located. Team play was developed among all the armies. Enemies knew enemies, and all enemies "knew how."

#### BUSINESS-LIKE STAFFS.

Mr. Palmer points out that Russia's great lack is adequate transport facilities. It is not any absence of courage in Russia's troops or lack of ability in her councils that caused her early and recent defeats, but her clumsy transportation. She could not get supplies up to her army if she did move forward. Though she knew where Germany was going to strike she had such miserable communications that it was hopeless to meet mass with mass by prompt concentration. Germany could move five army corps from France to Warsaw while Russia was moving one from Lemberg to Warsaw. Many assumptions have been made in the war, says Mr. Palmer.

But most ridiculous of all assumptions is that the Germans had a set programme of reaching certain points at certain dates. The German staff, like the French, is composed of practical men; all theorists are disqualified.

A staff is a sublimated brain trust, most to be likened to that which controls a great corporation. Joffre is more like a business man than the general of tradition. A staff is an instrument of foresight plus day-by-day opportunism. While the press of each country is urged to propagate the absolute superiority of its soldiers in all particulars and minimises defeats and exaggerates victories, the army staffs must fall into none of these errors. They must go on evidence; they must be led into no illusions by the prejudice of patriotism; they must recognise

the actual morale and racial characteristics of their troops and the enemy's with professional perspicacity and breadth of mind, in order to make the most of their material.

Wisely, says Mr. Palmer, the Allies have taken no risk of a decisive defeat. Joffre, with the aid of the present British force, will crowd the Germans out of France if he can, without risking any vital blow to his army before the new British army of a million men takes the field in the spring.

It is in the spring that the third and decisive era of the war will begin. In my first article I wrote on September 1st that a Germany which had advanced only to Amiens on that date was a losing Germany; and a Germany that had not taken Paris and demoralised the French army by October 1st was a beaten Germany. I have no reason to change my views.

#### THE KRUPP MONSTER.

With a single exception, no nation had up its sleeve any revolutionary secret instrument of destruction. The exception was the German traction siege howitzer. Most of the world's artillery officers before this war would have scoffed at the suggestion of a movable sixteen inch howitzer.

But the Krupps, being makers of guns, did not put their monster into a single load. They constructed it in parts, to be drawn over the solid, graded roads of Europe by traction-engines, which, peculiarly enough, were of English manufacture, because the English make the best heavy traction-engines.

While armies trained to secrecy seem to have been able to keep none of their important secrets from one another, this commercial concern, with its workmen knowing only the part of the gun which they helped to make, kept the secret of the big guns.

And the Krupps wanted no assistance in manning the guns after they were built. If the German army had set out to drill artillerymen for them, the French might have found out about it. These guns were purely a Krupp affair; when they were taken to war it would be by a Krupp family party.

The Krupp party had never appeared at an imperial review; it had no military etiquette or discipline except of an industrial organisation. It had been fulfilling a business contract in destruction. Another nation may know how to make those guns; it may have inexhaustible funds in its treasury and great steel works of its own, but the element of time is against it. The German siege-guns are made; the Allies' are to be made. There would be a hundred million dollars waiting for anybody who could produce a score of these guns in time for spring delivery. The Allies will need the guns in going against German fortifications in the spring campaign. But no works on earth can produce such guns inside of a year.



# ONLY A SHILLING A DAY!

## THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

Australia certainly treats those who are prepared to give their lives for the Empire far better than does Great Britain. Our men get at the very least 6/- a day, many get more, but the British soldier gets only that much a week. Actually he gets 1/- a day, but there are many pennies stopped out of that, so that 6/- a week is as much as he can expect. The Commonwealth Government is making very adequate provision for the dependants of those who lose their lives at the front; in fact, it is probable that the pensions we shall pay will considerably exceed a million pounds every year for many years to come. The British Government has thus far been very loath to provide the widow of a soldier with much to live on; in fact, the money she gets will provide only a starvation ration. Mr. George Barnes, M.P., late leader of the Labour Party at home, has some pertinent things to say on the subject. He points out that the nation thus far is doing precious little for the dependants of the fighting men. Writing on November 1st he says:—

“The army separation allowance scale has been recast and slightly improved, for the period of the war. The wife of the sailor man and the dependant of the single man have also been granted a few shillings a week while the war lasts. These are the sole achievements of the Government, as regards any special provision, after three months of a gigantic life or death struggle, and these payments are to be made only as supplementary to payments out of the pay of the man. The wife of a soldier with three children can get a pound a week (in London 3/6 more) providing Tommy contributes 5/3 of it out of his 7/-; of a sailor 16/- a week if the sailor contributes 5/-. If the husband of either is killed the widow gets from the Government 5/- per week with 1/6 for

each of her children. That is to say that, *during the war*, a woman may get just barely enough to keep the wolf of want from her door while her husband is alive, but is put on to actual starvation conditions after he is dead.

True there are unfulfilled Government promises. But there is, as yet, no amendment. The widow's dole is still but 5/- per week with 1/6 for each child.

The amount is shamefully inadequate, and in the long run, from the community point of view, shockingly uneconomic. A woman cannot get the ordinary decencies—to say nothing of the comforts of life—for herself for five shillings per week, much less for herself and three children for 9/6 per week. Such pittances mean that she has to go out to work—has to hide her sorrow in the darkness of poverty and try to forget it in the struggle to eke out a living. The children, therefore, cannot get proper care and attention, and the result will be stunted bodies in after life, frequently under repair in hospital, and a charge on the community. The low payment is, therefore, from that *point of view*, shortsighted.

### THE RIGHT PRINCIPLE.

Pensions should be paid on some fair and understandable principle. Sometimes they are paid on a principle which is at least understandable, as, for instance, in the case of Tory politicians who get enough to maintain them on the same standard of life to which they had been accustomed while in office. But there has, as yet, been no principle applied in regard to the widow of the soldier or sailor except it be that of a compassionate dole.

Why not a better way? Let the widow with children be charged by the State with the duty of rearing her children into healthy citizens and relieved of all other work except that of her home. The children should become the

wards of the nation, and the mother the nation's agent. She should be paid enough for that. What sum would be sufficient? The Government officials have answered the questions for us in a way, and on a scale, which certainly does not err on the side of generosity. They have said that the women's needs are met by certain payments while the husband is alive. I submit that her needs are no less after he is dead.

I suggest, therefore, that the separation allowance should be continued. But I should rearrange it. I should be content with less for the single women if more were granted for the children. A child cannot be fairly and decently reared, even in the most modest way, on 2/6 per week. Even the Poor Law Guardians recognise that fact, and they pay 4/-, and, in many cases now, 5/- per week, for the boarding out of pauper children in working-class homes. We should at least do as well for the children of those who have lost their lives for the nation.

#### THE DISABLED.

Thousands of young unmarried men are now enrolling in the army who are giving up good pay and prospects in life. They are ready to take all risks; they ask for no separation or dependants' allowance. If they are killed there is an end of the matter so far as they are concerned. The Government liability begins and ends in the 1/- a day and maintenance. But some of them may come back totally disabled from earning their living. Or there are the married men from commercial offices, schools and workshops who may have been earning up to, or even beyond, the limit of £250 per year prescribed by the Compensation Act. Or, finally, there are the mechanics who have been earning their £2 per week. These all take the risk of losing limbs or otherwise becoming totally disabled.

#### THE STATE AS EMPLOYER.

Again, Parliament has laid down the law for such cases in civil life, and I suggest its adoption to war. The Employers' Liability Act entitles a person so disabled in a workshop to "such

sum as may be found to be equivalent to the estimated earnings during the three years preceding the injury." The Compensation Act fixes the sum to be paid by the employer to any worker so disabled in the course of his employment at one pound per week, or half wages. These are the conditions imposed by the State upon private employers and upon its citizens. I see no reason why the State should itself pay less to its disabled soldiers and sailors. Surely it is little enough having regard to the sacrifice made, the service rendered and the risks run. Even on that basis many would still have lost very considerably.

I suggest then for total disablement a pound a week as a minimum, or, at the option of the disabled man, a lump sum equivalent to three years' earnings up to the Compensation Act limit of £250 per year, for partial disablement a sum proportionate.

#### STOPPAGE NO PAYMENT.

Just a word in respect to the pay of the soldier. I should not like to see soldiering highly paid, because I should not like to see soldiering, in normal times, made an attractive calling. The rank and file of the army get a shilling a day, plus board and lodging of a kind. But it is of a kind which leaves a good deal unprovided for, if it be remembered that man—even a soldier cannot live on bread, and a stall, alone.

The soldier should get his shilling a day for his own personal needs. It is a mean thing to stop pennies out of it. The man now in training, under the present circumstances and with wife and three children, has but 3d. a day left for tobacco, washing and the little amenities generally to which he has been accustomed in civil life. Even the allowance to be made to the dependent mother of the single man is conditional upon his contributing part of his shilling per day. I believe the nation as a whole to be against these pettifogging stoppages and in favour of the soldier being left with the same right of allocating his money as the man has in civil life.



# GERMAN PREDOMINANCE IN SCIENCE AND ART A MYTH!

This war has shattered many things, but it is still generally accepted that the German claim to pre-eminence in science, literature and art cannot be questioned. It has become a tradition that the Germans led in these things, and students have flocked to Germany from every country of the world to sit at the feet of German professors; while German theories, German methods, and German unimaginative laboriousness were accepted widely, through the whole academic world, as the fundamental requisites of scientific progress. Karl Pearson, who occupies the first chair of eugenics founded in England, utterly smashes this German claim in an article in *The New Statesman*. Professor Pearson is known the world over for his researches into the laws of chance, though recently he has devoted himself exclusively to work in connection with eugenics. He studied in Germany, and has always kept in close touch with German thought and achievement. He says:—

The myth of intellectual superiority has been accepted not only by the foreigner, but by the bulk of the German academic world itself, which has thus lost touch with the inspiration which comes from comparison of national differences in methods and in ideas. The Germans have largely lost the power of keeping their eyes and ears open for what goes on in other nations. To spy in the academic laboratory is a far more honourable, and in the end more profitable, service to ones' nation than to spy in the rival's arsenal. For one German student in our Universities there have been ten British students in Germany, and the result has been that Germany has from many stand-points tended to drift out of the stream of academic progress. New English or French work is studied, appreciated and carried forward in Italy or Russia; it may be practically unknown in Germany, or if known discredited because it is not "made in Germany." The evil done to German intellectual advance has been transcendent.

He refers to the Slav menace, and says that if Germany were to win in this war there would be indeed a true Slav menace, for the entire Slav world would then turn its mind to the single idea of military development, to the

preparation for a greater anti-German war of the future. If the German military dominance be removed, scientific, industrial and political development will be the order of the day in Russia. Ultimately Russia is bound to be top dog in Europe, for the muscovite birth rate remains high, and, with improved conditions, the death rate will soon be greatly reduced. Germany on the other hand is on the downward track. She depends to-day for her increase of population on the death rate falling more rapidly than the birth rate; had the death rate remained the same as in 1872 the German nation would already have begun to regress. He gives the following figures which are eloquent:—

	Birth rate in 1875-1880.	Birth rate in 1896-1900.
Berlin .. .. .	44.9	28.9
	1880.	1909.
Hamburg ... ..	38.4	24.4
Munich ... ..	39.6	25.1
Dresden ... ..	35.1	23.2

	Births per 1000	Married Women.
	1874-1879.	1905-1910.
Berlin ... ..	227	102

This last comparison shows that the birth rate has been halved in Berlin! Professor Pearson shows further that the birth rates of Berlin and Vienna are the lowest of any capitals of Europe, with the exception of Paris:—

	Birth rate per 1000 Inhabitants.	Fall per year as found from 1880-1909.
Paris ... ..	17.6	0.27
Berlin ... ..	21.6	0.61
Vienna ... ..	22.1	0.60
London ... ..	24.2	0.37

Clearly Germany is passing more rapidly than Great Britain to a state of stationary, even regressive, population. In thirty years the Germans have increased by 34, the Slavs by 53 per cent.

Getting back to his contention that German pre-eminence is quite mythical, Professor Pearson gives a brief sum-

mary of recent discoveries to prove his point that the Germans are on the whole non-creative. The chief inspirations, he says, that we draw from German painting, architecture, and sculpture flow from the creative spirit of an age long passed.

An even more convincing article on the same subject appears in a recent number of *Engineering*. The writer entirely questions the German claim to pre-eminence so far as pure and applied science is concerned. Everywhere, he says, the German is much more notable for intelligent industry than for creative genius.

The matter in debate is in essentials the same as is involved in the question as to whether the palm in oratory is to be awarded to the man who has delivered the greatest speech or to him who makes the greatest number of good speeches. So far as quantity is concerned, the output of German science is probably in excess of that of any other country, but the average quality is by no means unduly high. In fact, Germany has been distinguished, even in pure science, rather by her contributions to scientific data than to scientific thought. In but one of the great generalisations on which modern science is based can she lay claim to a share, and this but a subordinate one. Good work in establishing the doctrine of the conservation of energy was undoubtedly contributed by Helmholtz and Clausius, but practically the whole of the original work of the latter was anticipated by Thomson and Rankine; and in the great names associated with the pioneering in the field of thermodynamics the Germans make a poor show in comparison with Carnot, Joule, Thomson, Rankine, and Willard Gibbs.

#### SETTLER, NOT PIONEER.

In mathematics, against Leibnitz, who devised the exceedingly convenient and valuable notation of the differential calculus, must be set such names as Napier, Newton, the Bernouillis, and Euler; whilst Gauss and Bessel are more than offset by Fourier, Laplace, Lagrange, and Legendre, to say nothing of Green. In all cases it is notable that the German strength has been mainly in the development of fields opened up by others, the national genius being that of the settler rather than of the pioneer.

#### NO BASIC IDEAS.

In surgery Germany has done excellent work, but the two great triumphs of modern surgery—viz., the use of

anæsthetics and the introduction of antiseptics and asepsis—are attributable to other nationalities, and America has led the way in a large proportion of other advances in operative surgery, whilst the germ theory of disease is also of non-Teutonic origin. In biology no German name ranks besides that of Darwin, whilst Mendel, whose work on heredity has attracted so much attention of late years, was an Austrian. In bacteriology Pasteur has no Teutonic compeer, and what is probably the most important discovery in this department of late years—viz., the connection between certain insects and the spread of certain diseases—is the work of Patrick Manson. Of course, in all these departments of scientific achievement excellent and highly valuable work has been accomplished in Germany, but with few exceptions the great basic ideas originated elsewhere. This is true even in respect to chemistry—a science in certain respects well suited to the particular national traits of the Teuton; but here, as elsewhere, most of the fundamental conceptions were brought forth in other countries. Thus it was Lavoisier who overthrew the phlogiston theory and founded modern chemistry; Dalton gave us the atomic theory, to which Italy made an extremely important contribution in Avogadro's hypothesis. The doctrine of valency was originated by Frankland, whilst Germany's principal contribution to chemical theory is associated with the eminently non-Teutonic name of Kekulé. In this connection, indeed, it is noteworthy that both Helmholtz and Kant were of mixed ancestry, furnishing fresh instances of the generally accepted doctrine that crosses between two not too dissimilar races often yield an astonishingly able progeny.

#### INDUSTRY NOT GENIUS.

In electrical work the same condition holds as elsewhere; the great names are Volta, Ampere, Faraday, and Clerk-Maxwell, who are without peers amongst their Teutonic rivals. The same state of affairs is met with in the applied sciences. In electrical engineering, Germany, ably as she has developed their conceptions, cannot show



any such record of pioneering work as is attributable to Thomson, Gramme, Hopkinson, Edison, or Swan, and the seeds from which her great chemical industries have sprung were gathered from England. Even the internal-combustion engine originated in France, to whom also is due the credit for the first invention of the so-called Otto cycle, and France was also the pioneer in the production of the large gas-engine, which, with the Diesel engine, has since become a typical product of the Fatherland. Germans are credited with a remarkable aptitude for linguistic studies; but the key to the hieroglyphics was found by Champollion, and to Sir Henry Rawlinson belongs most of the credit for the deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions.

#### SOUNDLY EDUCATED.

Where Germany excels most other nations is, however, in her respect for scientific attainments, and it is this which induces her capitalists to finance expensive experiments, a form of enterprise from which the nation has deservedly reaped a marvellous harvest in the past, and which, it is to be feared, cannot be emulated here until our authorities reform on a more rational basis the present system on which the

average boy is educated. As matters stand, the English boy leaves school with little Latin, less Greek, and a most complete ignorance of the principles of that science which is transforming the whole face of civilisation. It is only the exceptional youth that acquires any knowledge whatever of these, and it is probable to this cause must be attributed the high average standard of British scientific achievement. To the fundamentals of science we have contributed probably a larger proportion of basic principles than have any of our rivals.

#### SHE FOLLOWS, OTHERS LEAD.

No country has concentrated so much industry as Germany on the improvement of armaments, yet here again history repeats itself; and it is ideas borrowed from other nations that in the main constitutes the basis of the remarkable developments made. It is true that the military breechloader is a Teutonic conception, but practically every other important improvement is of alien origin. France gave us the armour plate and American the machine gun and magazine rifle. It was France again which introduced the high explosive shell, the quick-firing field gun, military smokeless powder and the modern submarine.

To sum up, whilst Germany may fairly claim a high position in both pure and applied science, no claim to primacy in either department will bear the test of investigation. With but few exceptions she follows, others lead.



PAPUANS WITH CANNIBALISTIC TENDENCIES.

(See Article page 33.)



*Punch.* UNCONQUERABLE. [London.  
 THE KAISER: "So you see—you've lost every-  
 thing."  
 THE KING OF THE BELGIANS: "Not my soul."

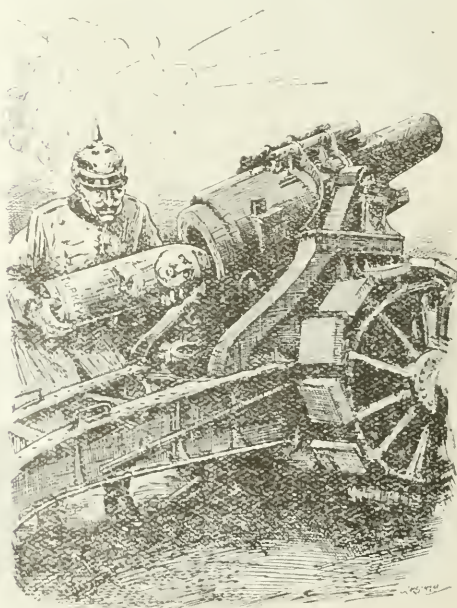


*Punch.* A PLAIN DUTY. [London.  
 BRITANNIA (to Holland): "My resources and my  
 obligations are greater than yours; let this ser-  
 vice fall upon me."  
 (The number of Belgian refugees in Holland is  
 probably ten times as great as the number in  
 England.)



*Punch.* THE LIMIT. [London.  
 Scene: The Coast of Belgium.  
 THE KAISER: "What are the wild waves saying?"  
 WILD WAVES: "We were just saying, 'Thus far,  
 and no farther!'"

(By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Company, proprietors of "Punch.")



*Punch.* HIS MASTER'S VOICE. [London.  
 THE KAISER (to Turkey, reassuringly): "Leave  
 everything to me. All you've got to do is to  
 explode."  
 TURKEY: "Yes, I quite see that. But where  
 shall I be when it's all over?"



# HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us.—*Burns.*

*London Punch* is far more than a mere humorous journal. Its artists are ever able to rise to the occasion and produce pictures which truly express the highest thought of the nation. What could be finer than Bernard Partridge's cartoon of the Kaiser and the Belgian hero-king? There he crystallises the feeling of the whole world towards struggling Belgium. Had she agreed to the German proposals she would have escaped the ghastly horrors which have overwhelmed her, but she preferred to uphold her independence, and for over two months she did so absolutely alone. His other drawing, show-

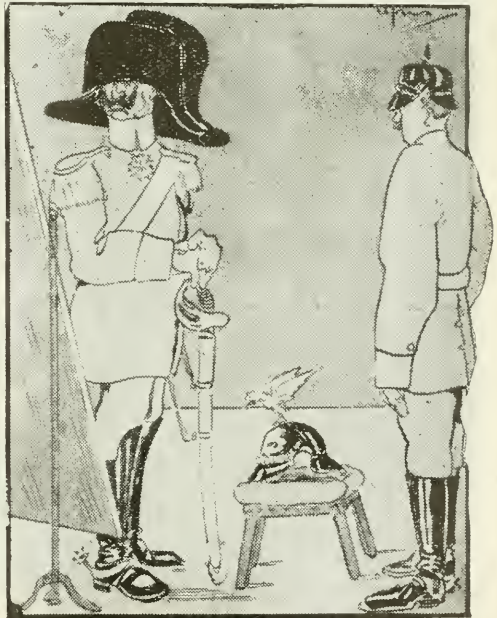
ing Britannia offering to help Holland care for the hundreds of thousands of women and children who had fled to her from ravished Belgium, is magnificent, too. The other two cartoons we reproduce are less stirring, but hit the situation off admirably. We must note in passing that the cartoons in *Melbourne Punch* since the war broke out have been splendid. Many of them have been reproduced in home papers, and they are in great demand in Australia. Whoever is responsible for supplying the artists with ideas must have a most fertile brain. The Italian papers show a very pronounced anti-German



Pasquino.] [Turin.

A NECESSARY OPERATION.

"When its teeth are drawn, the brute may become a good guardian of the peace."

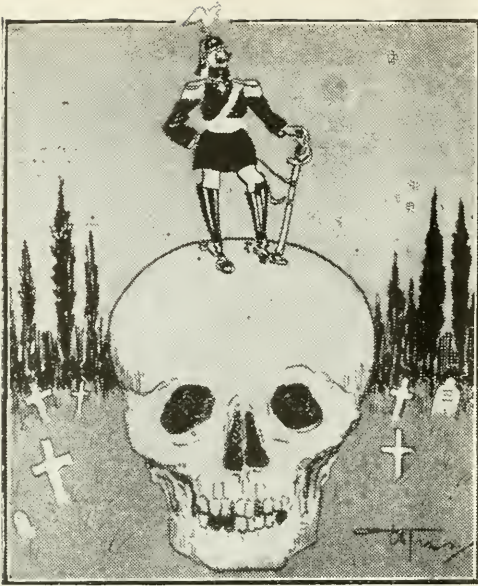


Pasquino.] [Turin.

NAPOLEON'S HAT.

"I think this hat is a little too large!"

"No, your Majesty! It is your head which is too small."



Pasquino.]

[Turin.

THE DREAM OF WILLIAM.  
At length Alone!



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

MAKING FRIENDS.

"It is a pity that we must wound each other in order to find out how easy it is to live in peace and friendship."



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

CANNIBALS AND THE WAR.

"Goddam! by our mighty fathers! if the Germans are as tough as our English friends say, they will be no good to us as food."



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

THE COURTING OF THE NEUTRALS.





*Cape Times.*]

**A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.**

Mr. Churchill, in the House of Commons recently, amid great laughter, said that not a single German battleship could be found in the so-called German Ocean.



*Minneapolis Journal.*]

**A TURKEY GOBBLER?**

caricature Germany. Everyone will agree with the sentiment portrayed in "Making Friends." There is no doubt at all that there has been a great deal of "Courting of Neutrals" going on



*Cape Times.*]

**NO FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.**

THE GERMAN EAGLE (tearfully): "As bird to bird. Surely you won't desert me?"

THE AMERICAN EAGLE: "Desert you! I'm an eagle, not a vulture!"

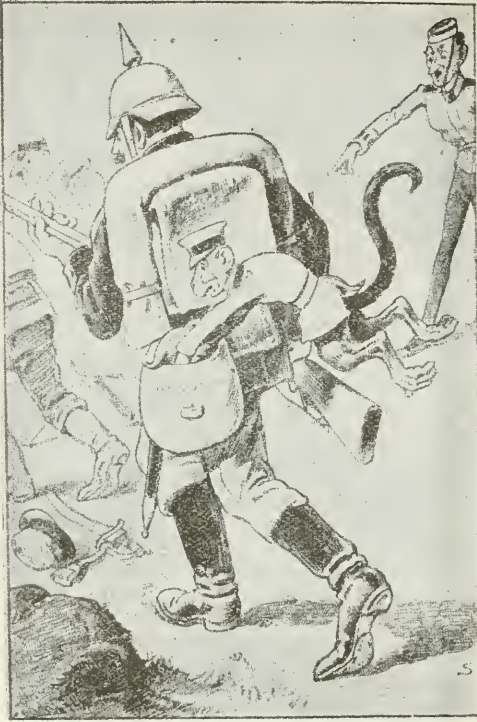


*Cape Times.*]

**HISTORY'S RECORD.**

THE KAISER TO HISTORY: "Let me explain——"  
HISTORY: "I'm writing facts, not explanations."





[Kikeriki.]

[Vienna.]

## JAPAN'S ULTIMATUM TO GERMANY.

"Well trained," says the caption of this cartoon, showing England as the master of the Japanese monkey, who has been told to pilfer Kiau-Chau from Germany while she is engaged against her enemies.



[Jugend.]

[Munich.]

## THE LATEST MANIFESTATION OF CULTURE.

(France [represented by Poincaré] and England [represented by Kitchener] bringing the black and savage inhabitants of their colonies into the war.)

since the war began. Much will have been promised all of them by Germany on the one side, and the Allies on the other. The *Cape Times* has some ex-



[Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.]

THE GENTLEMAN AMONGST THE PRISONERS: "What barbarians! Fancy having to eat with our Allies."



[Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.]

THE ENGLISH SOLDIER AT THE FRONT: "I never knew before how heavy my rifle was."



[Utk.] [Berlin.

#### THE ENCIRCLING WALL OF ENEMIES

(One blast from Germany's martial trumpet, and the Allies' ramparts will crumble).

cellent cartoons, "No Family Resemblance" being especially good. The United States has received many notes from the combatants, complaining about their foes' methods, and naturally Uncle Sam is perplexed, and de-



[Kikeriki.]

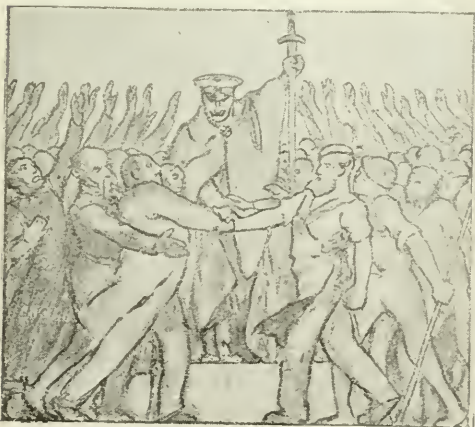
[Vienna.

#### THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

PETER, OF SERBIA: "Alas, this time my bulwark of protection has failed me!" (The protection in question being his "ausreden"—explanations and excuses.)

cides to do nothing until he has carried out investigations himself. Turkey's ultimate fate is foreshadowed in the *Minneapolis Journal*.

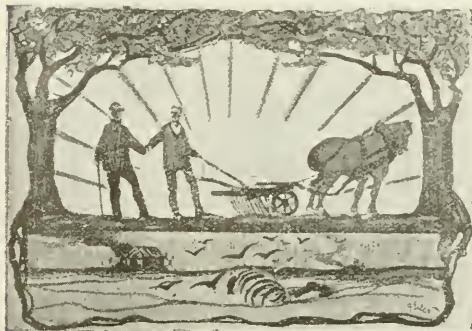
The American papers contain many cartoons culled from the German weeklies. Naturally these are now



[Jugend.] GERMANY UNITED. [Munich.

"I no longer recognise political parties—I know only Germans!"

(The Kaiser's statement at the beginning of the war.)



[Lustige Blätter.]

[Berlin.

CALLED TO THE COLOURS—THE FATHER'S FAREWELL TO HIS SON.





Kladderadsch.]

[Berlin.

## THE SPIRIT OF GERMANY.

The strong spirit of Germany has drawn the old sword again, while puny, perfidious England stands by, teeth chattering with fear.

rather old, but, knowing that our readers would be glad to have some idea as to how the enemy papers are treating the war, we reproduce several of them. On the whole, the Germans are bitter and contemptuous in their references to England, and show unmeasured disdain towards the Tsar and the



Lustige Blätter.]

[Berlin.

## PROCLAMATION BY THE CZAR.

"My beloved subjects! Reminding you of the great and numerous benefits which you have received from me, I reckon on your willing and enthusiastic service in my armies."

Russians generally. The most remarkable thing is their attitude towards their hereditary foe, France. They show little animosity to the French soldiers, and whenever they deal with the Republic their pen, instead of being dipped in vitriol, appears rather almost to have been charged with the milk of human kindness! They treat France humorously, show no hate and little satire. They indicate that they are rather sorry for her, drawn into a losing war by reason of an expensive and unfruitful alliance with Russia. They ridicule the reports of Russian victories, and belittle the Russians on every occasion. A special point is always made of the use of black and coloured troops against them by the French, Belgians and British; and great resentment is shown against England for the way in which she, they allege, induced Japan to attack Kiau-Chau. They are also very bitter over the scramble for German colonies. "Germany United" and "The Father's Farewell to His Son" indicate the spirit in which Germany entered on the war.



Leader.

[Cleveland.

## UNCLE SAM'S QUANDARY.



# GERMANY ON THE DEFENSIVE.

## WHY ANTWERP WAS TAKEN.

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS.

In the following article Mr. Simonds gives a splendid description of the events which followed the battle of the Marne. This account is as lucid, as informative, and as notable a contribution to the literature of the war as was the article he wrote last month. As already pointed out, an American is able to bring to the descriptive task considerably more information about the actual occurrences of the campaign than anyone receiving news from one source only can possibly hope to do. He is also able, because of his detached position, to write far more dispassionately about events than anyone here, for instance, could do. Circumstances compel us to write as we do about our active foes. We cannot possibly take a judicial view; but Mr. Simonds chronicles events much as our own historians will do several years hence. Some of the terms he makes use of, in describing German strategy, may, perhaps, jar on us, but by applying Mr. Bennett's formula (see page 47) we can easily translate them into others which suit us better.

### I.—THE GERMAN DEFENSIVE.

At the Battle of the Marne the great German Offensive was halted, rolled back. After six weeks a colossal military operation to end a world war by a single blow had terminated in defeat, and the German General Staff, confronted by the failure of that grandiose conception which had occupied the industry and the genius of their generals for a decade, were compelled to accept that defensive rôle, so hateful to all their strategists from Blücher and Von Moltke to Bernhardt.

Yet as in the earlier weeks it had been the German Offensive which had supplied the central circumstance in the Great War, so from early September to late October it was the German Defensive which claimed equal attention. In that period German high command gave an example of resourcefulness, of skill in foreseeing and parrying deadly thrusts, of ability to transport men from one end of Europe to the other and with smaller resources keep the numbers equal at the decisive point, which was amazing.

To get at the throat of France, to take Paris and destroy French military power before Russia was mobilised—this was the compelling purpose of German strategy from Liège to the Marne. But one month after the failure at the Marne, German armies were advancing in Poland, Galicia and along

the Niemen. A new army was storming the last line of the defences of Antwerp, another was pounding at the barrier forts of Eastern France, while along the Aisne the great mass of German military strength stood inexpugnable on the front occupied five days after the retreat from the Marne had begun. In that time a rout, which seemed imminent, had been avoided. A retreat from France, once apparently inescapable, had been at the least postponed indefinitely. Finally, the Allied advance, frontally and by the left flank, had been halted.

Beside this struggle in France, the conflict along the distant Vistula still seemed relatively less significant. Again the world watched the German operations in the west, saw in the German Defensive in late September and October the same superb military skill of the Offensive in August and early September, discovered in the strategy of Von Kluck a new page in defensive warfare, comparable to those devoted to the achievements of Lee in Northern Virginia, of Napoleon in 1814, of the great Frederick in the most famous of all his campaigns.

In this same time and by contrast with German achievement, Allied efforts seemed incomparably inferior. With superior numbers, encouraged by recent success, possessing shorter lines of communication and hence inex-

haustible supplies of reserves and material, the Allies failed to transform German retreat into a rout. They were unable to terminate German occupation of French territory either by frontal or flank attack. They did not succeed in succouring gallant Belgium in her last ditch at Antwerp. They could not turn to decisive advantage along the Aisne the latest brave fight of King Albert, which occupied so many Germans along the Scheldt.

Territory was regained, German attacks were repulsed, advantages were won; but measured by their opportunity, the Allies in October, as in the earlier months, still seemed lacking in the mastery of the art of war, which their great opponent now displayed on the defensive, as before he had shown it in the offensive.

## II.—THE BATTLEGROUND OF THE AISNE

To understand the meaning of the October operations in the West it is necessary to keep clearly in mind three circumstances. First, the character of the battleground of the Aisne, which exercised a tremendous influence on the progress of the fighting; second, the compelling purpose of Allied strategy; third, the relation between the campaign in France and the Belgium struggle, which supplied the single dramatic and definitive incident in the whole period.

First of all, Why did Von Kluck decide to stand at the Aisne? What were the topographical and military circumstances of the position which was to see the greatest battle in modern warfare—greatest in numbers engaged, in length of conflict, in extent of battle front?

Coming south toward Paris from Belgium or east from Germany, half way between the frontier and the capital, the invader reaches a long range of hills rising from a relatively level plain. This ridge, extends from the western banks of the Oise near Noyon to the northern bank of the Marne, south of Rheims—that is, the ridge sweeps in a wide semi-circle before, and from eighty to a hundred miles away from, the capital.

This range is named the Champagne Hills. It is highest on its outer rim, farthest from Paris, where it rises abruptly from the plain; thence it falls down to the south gradually until it touches Paris. In the French military system this range constituted the second line of French defence. To it French armies were expected to retire, after the frontier forts had been forced. Thus on the outer and highest hills, at La Fère, Laon, Rheims, commanding the railways, forts had been constructed, and the line was known as the Laon-La Fère-Rheims barrier.

Against frontal attack this position seemed safe, but in August the Germans had turned the French out of it by sending their own right to the west of it, between the Champagne Hills and the Channel. Here the River Somme formed a natural barrier, but the Allies had not been able to occupy its southern bank in force, and there were no forts to guard against invasion from neutralised Belgium. Once the position was turned, the Allies had to dismantle the barrier forts, retire behind the Marne, and surrender the second line of French defence.

When the Germans in their turn had to retire, it was of utmost concern to the Allies that Von Kluck, on the right, should be prevented from halting on the Champagne Hills. If he could be forced beyond them, there was no defensive position short of the Belgian frontier; and Northern France would be rescued from the invader. Unfortunately the Germans, quite as completely as the French, had recognised the value of the position; and while their main armies were still advancing to the Marne they had prepared for possible reverse.

Thus, when Von Kluck, about September 12, crossed the Aisne at Soissons, he found that a German rearguard had solidly mounted along the Champagne Hills back of the Aisne, here known as the Craonne Plateau, the heavy cannon intended to reduce the forts of Paris. It had in addition covered the hillsides with trenches and fortifications. Further, it had occupied all the crossings of the Somme in force for many miles west of Noyon, thus protecting his flank,

long imperilled. As the Turks, after Lule Burgas, had come home to safety behind the lines of the Chatalja, the German right now, after defeat and precipitate withdrawal, had found refuge behind strong fortifications, constructed on positions of enormous natural strength, and provided with artillery of the heaviest calibre.

Here, then, for the first, but by no means the last, time in this place, the foresight of the German commanders had guarded against a danger which in August seemed remote, but in mid-September had become wholly real.

### III.—THE STRATEGY OF THE ALLIED FORCES.

When, by the victory at the Marne, the Allies at last gained the offensive, after long weeks of retreat, the first and the immediate object of all their efforts was to transform the German retreat into a rout, to destroy the German right, now rushing north, and to roll up the centre and left. This effort failed when, having shown superb skill in retreat, Von Kluck passed the Aisne at Soissons about September 12.

In the days that followed, the compelling purpose of Allied strategy was, first, by direct and tremendous assaults upon Von Kluck, standing on the Champagne Hills and above Soissons on the Craonne Plateau, to force him back off the northern rim of this range into the plain north of La Fère and Laon. When, in consequence of the heavy artillery and entrenchments the Germans had prepared, this attempt failed, the Allies endeavoured, by a move by their own left flank and around Von Kluck's right, to cut his communications, and, in sum, to turn his position, precisely as he had turned theirs, when they had stood on the Laon-La Fère-Rheims barrier, in August. It was the first effort which marked the early days of the great battle, and during these days it remained in fact the Battle of the Aisne.

From September 13 to 18, the assault upon the Craonne Plateau was pushed. In the first days the Allies crossed the Aisne east and west of Soissons. They effected a lodgment in the first slopes of the Craonne Plateau, but could advance no farther. In fact, they were compelled

to dig themselves in, wait for the arrival of heavy artillery, and settle down to a siege. Just as Grant, in 1864, after a futile effort to take Petersburg by storm, had been compelled to exchange the bayonet for the shovel, the Allies were forced to resort to trenches, and along the Aisne, as south of the Appomattox, there promptly grew up two parallel lines of earthworks behind which both armies were secure from assault.

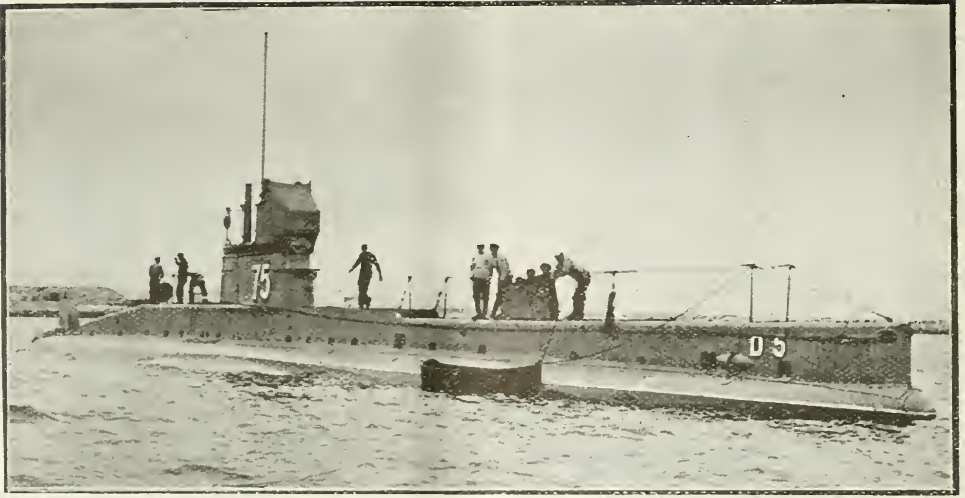
Meantime the battle-lines had extended. Von Bülow, compelled to withdraw from the Marne by Von Kluck's defeat, came back slowly through Chalons and Epemay, made contact with Von Kluck north of Rheims, and then, taking the offensive, drove the French from the hills east of Rheims, on which their dismantled forts stood, posted his artillery there and began the bombardment which injured the Cathedral. At this point the Allied advance was also brought to a complete halt.

Finally, the German left, with Von Einem west of the Argonne and the Crown Prince on the east, made contact and formed a battle-line, from the Oise to the Meuse north of Verdun, in fact from Noyon on the Oise to the German fortress of Metz on the Moselle, which became the pivot of German manœuvre. As the French at the Marne had stood with their flanks resting on Paris and the barrier forts, so the German battle-line now stood rooted with fortifications on either flank. From these they could not be driven by frontal attack; and by September 18 the Allied effort to drive the Germans out of France had failed. There was left to Allied strategy the resource of a tremendous turning movement. With it, the Battle of the Aisne, which had already become the Battle of Four Rivers, was to become the Battle of Seven Rivers—of the Oise, the Aisne, the Meuse, the Moselle, the Somme, the Scheldt, and the Lys.

### IV.—TO THE SOMME AND THE SCHELDT.

In August the Allies had been turned out of the Champagne Hills because they were unable to hold the line of the Somme. In September Von Kluck was faced with the same difficulty. For the moment his reserves held back the Allied cavalry at the Somme crossings. But in





BRITISH SUBMARINE D5.

Sunk by a mine during the German raid on Yarmouth. One of a still earlier type performed one of the most daring feats of the war, torpedoing the Turkish warship *Messudieh* after passing through the Dardanelles. Commander Holbrook received the Victoria Cross for his brilliant exploit.



H.M. MONITOR SEVERN.

Three monitors built for Brazil were purchased by Great Britain, and did yeoman service on the Belgian coast. They actually steamed up the canals close to the enemy's lines. Note rifles in the hands of some of the crew. These craft had two 6-inch guns mounted forward and howitzers aft.

a few days, by using the railroad to Amiens, the Allies were able to get around his extreme right and, turning east, strike for Péronne and St. Quentin.

In such a thrust there was for Von Kluck a peril as deadly as that which his own enveloping movement had for the Allies. The railways on which he depended for reinforcement and supply came south from Belgium at the very west end of his line. The Paris-Cologne line, the most important of all, was nearest the enemy. Could the Allied flanking force commanded by General D'Amade, of Moroccan fame, cut this line, push east a little, and cut the Laon-Maubeuge line, his position in the Champagne Hills would become untenable; he would be in danger of being enveloped, thrown back upon Von Bülow, defeated, perhaps captured.

On September 18, moreover, the Allies did penetrate to St. Quentin, having taken Péronne, while their cavalry actually cut the Paris-Cologne line east of Roisel and Le Catelet. It was at this moment that a news dispatch from London announced the surrender of Von Kluck, and the French Minister of War forecast the prompt withdrawal of the Germans from France.

Neither surrender nor withdrawal was in Von Kluck's mind. On the contrary, he had already prepared a counter-thrust. Gathering up all available troops from the centre and left, calling in a portion of the army in Lorraine and transporting it hurriedly over the Calais-Basel railway, which crossed the rear of the whole German position, he speedily drove the Allies out of St. Quentin, out of Péronne, half-way back to Amiens. At the same moment he launched another attack at the Allied position south of Noyon and drove his enemies out of their lines, re-took Lassigny, Roye, Chaulnes, and put his assailants on the defensive all along the line.

By a marvellous utilisation of interior lines of communication, Von Kluck had blocked the first drive at his right. When the attack was renewed from the north toward Cambrai and from Albert and Bapaume, he met it with new troops, threw it back again. A third time the Allies tried, moving east from Arras

to Douai, but a third time they were repulsed and—because north of this point the railways on which the Germans depended turned east—the drive by the left flank was blocked.

By this operation the whole battle-line had been transformed. To the straight line going east from Noyon to the Moselle, there was now joined a second line, perpendicular to the first from Arras to Noyon, and behind this line the Allies were still moving north toward Belgium. Meantime the character of the operations in the west had also changed. Already, in the last days of September, a German attack upon Antwerp was breaking out, and Allied strategy was concerned no longer with a drive at the German right, but with a move to succour Belgium, now in her last ditch.

For the third time the German defensive had prevailed. The German right had not been routed, it had not been driven down the slopes of the Champagne Hills, it had not been turned out of its position. It was, in fact, already venturing to assume the offensive in the east and the south.

#### V.—BETWEEN THE MEUSE AND THE MOSELLE.

On September 19, while the Allies' thrust at the German right was occupying the attention of the world, official announcement was made from Berlin of the capture of the French works at Beaumont, north of Toul and south of Verdun; that is, squarely on the line of the eastern barrier forts. Accepted at first as a counter demonstration to compel the Allies to divert troops from their flanking operations, this German offensive venture presently claimed close attention and assumed serious proportions.

This drive at the eastern defences was, in fact, the final effort to open a short road directly from northern France into Germany. In their first plan the Germans had contemplated moving unopposed through Belgium, driving the French forces south of the Marne and then enveloping the barrier forts, reducing them and thus gaining possession of the Paris-Metz and Paris-Strassburg



railways. They could then withdraw from Belgium.

When Belgium resisted and the Belgian army from Antwerp continued to menace German communications, it became of utmost importance to open this eastern entrance to France and release army corps held in Belgium to cover communications.

Thus, during the advance to the Marne, the Army of the Crown Prince, coming south along the Argonne, had endeavoured to envelop the Toul-Verdun line from the north and west, while the Bavarian Army, under the eyes of the Kaiser himself, had fought to capture Nancy, sweep around the barrier from the south and join hands with the Crown Prince. But the Bavarian Army had been thrown back with terrible loss, and the Crown Prince, after minor repulses, had been involved in the general German retirement after the Battle of the Marne.

When the German lines had been re-established, this time along the Aisne, when the Allies' frontal attack had been beaten down and the mass of Allied reserves were diverted to the west to their flanking venture, a second attack was made on the eastern barrier forts. This time it was limited to an attempt to envelop Verdun and open the Paris-Metz railroad.

The attack upon Beaumont was the first step in this operation. The only good road from the Meuse to the Moselle, between Verdun and Toul, came west from Pont-à-Mousson, pierced the hills between the two river valleys at their lowest point and reached the Meuse at Commercy. Following this road, the Germans steadily advanced, captured St Mihiel on the Meuse and stormed Fort Camp des Romains, one of the barrier forts, thus making a breach in this line. Finally they crossed the Meuse at St. Mihiel. But here they were checked, and ultimately thrown back across the river. To the north the Crown Prince was also repulsed.

With the Allies' left mounting steadily to Belgium, aiming to join hands with the Belgians along the Scheldt to Antwerp and threaten German communications, and after the failure of the

second attempt to open a short road from Germany to France, it now became clear that German strategy must deal with Antwerp, must complete the conquest of Belgium, establish German communications before Belgian, British, and French troops were united on their flank and in their rear. The progress of the Allies in the west, the repulse of the Germans in the east—these things precipitated the Belgian campaign.

#### VI.—THE FATE OF BELGIUM.

It was the siege of Antwerp which supplied the single unmistakeable circumstance of the October fighting and on the human side the only dramatic incident in a war which had now become a bewildering tangle of operations obscure to the observer and without apparent result. From the attack on Liège to the Battle of the Aisne the world had looked eagerly for a Sedan or a Waterloo, for some gigantic struggle which should add one more to the "decisive battles of the world," and foreshadow the ultimate outcome of the Great War. But now in early October it was plain that the time for Sedans and Waterloos was passing.

Thus it was that the first shots of the German cannon before Antwerp on September 29 instantly drew the attention of the world to an action which was easily comprehensible, and already promised to be promptly decisive. More than this, there was in the final stand of Belgian patriotism an appeal to American admiration, lacking in all else in a war between rival cultures, ambitions, races. For a nation whose own history began at Lexington, the resistance of the weak to the strong, the defence of liberty by the few against the many at the cost of life, of all that men could hold dear, was a moving spectacle. For Americans there was bound to be in the final tragedy of the Belgians a claim on sympathy. Already to the neutral eyes beyond the Atlantic the Belgian resistance had taken on the character of that of Holland to Spain, of the Greeks to the Persians.

On the military side the German attack upon Antwerp was easily explicable. German attempts to force a short road into Northern France had failed.

West of the Oise and the Scheldt the Allied advance was pushing north toward Antwerp. If the Allies and the Belgians should join hands, German hold on Belgium would be precarious, for Antwerp was now like the citadel of a captured fortress, which still held out. From it the defenders could issue and strike at the German lines of communication, while, in case it became necessary to retire from France, there would be available no defence position west of Liège—that is, at the very gate and the one unprotected gate to Western Germany.

Already Belgian resistance had contributed seriously to the defeat of German strategy. In the days when every German soldier was needed in France, army corps had to be kept before Antwerp to protect the German lines of communication. The Belgian fight had taken on the character of that of Spain against Napoleon, in the days when the French Emperor was fighting for his life in Eastern Germany. As Spanish resistance held thousands of his troops on the Peninsula, the Belgian conflicts had weakened German armies. Moreover in the character of the Belgian resistance, in the participation in it of women and children, there was plain suggestion of the story of Saragossa.

To rid themselves of an intolerable burden, to carry their right flank to the sea and protect it from all further turning movements, to solidify their position in Belgium and establish their communications beyond attack, above all to prepare for a new offensive drive into France, it was now necessary to take Antwerp, to have done with King Albert's gallant army. Such was the strategy of the German siege of the Belgian sea-gate.

#### VII.—THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

In all military history of the future the capture of Antwerp must necessarily be a landmark. Here, briefly, terribly, the superiority of the gun over the fort, of the mechanic over the engineer, was demonstrated. Aside from Paris, there was no city so strongly fortified as Antwerp. Unlike Paris, its position on the neutralised Scheldt and near the Dutch frontier prevented complete investment.

Along its southern front, ten miles distant, the Nethe flowed through deep marshes, forming a natural moat, strengthened by forts once held impregnable.

Before these forts, in trenches long ago prepared, stood the whole Belgian field army, presently reinforced by British marines. All that the art of the engineer, all that the courage of brave men fighting with their backs to the wall could contribute to making a fortress impregnable, were to be found in the ancient Flemish city.

Yet before the German artillery Antwerp's defences crumbled with incredible rapidity. What the 42-centimetre gun had accomplished at Liège, at Namur, at Maubeuge, but hitherto behind a veil, it now did in the full sight of the whole world. In less than a week those forts which had been pronounced impregnable were heaps of dust and ashes, and German troops had forced the river defences, the field trenches, driving the Belgians before them. By October 7 the Krupp shells were falling about the noble tower of the Antwerp Cathedral. The city and the suburbs were breaking out in flames. The end was in sight.

The next day the field army of Belgium, commanded by its still undaunted King, crossed the Scheldt on pontoons, moved west along the Dutch frontier, accompanied by the British contingent, made good its escape to join the Allied armies, still moving up from the south, but all too late. Meanwhile, by every ship, train, road, thousands of refugees fleeing from the shells that were falling in Antwerp, flowed out to Holland, to England, to France. A new migration of a people had begun.

The end came on October 9, when the city surrendered, the remaining Belgian forces escaping to Holland and there laying down the arms they had wielded so valiantly. Not a city, but a nation, had fallen. For England only less than for Belgium, the fall of Antwerp had been a terrible blow. The "pistol pointed at the heart of England," as Napoleon had described the city, was now in the hands of William II.

With the fall of Antwerp and that of Ostend, which promptly followed on October 15, British public opinion at last recognised that a new Napoleonic war, with the same issues and many of the same circumstances, was before them. From Ostend British observers already foretold the launching of German submarines and German Zeppelins. A new Napoleon had reached the Channel. Once more it was for the British people to watch the narrow strip of sea as they had a century before. But now it was necessary also to watch the skies, for that new engine which had added so much to the terror of war.

#### VIII.—ON THE VISTULA.

While the German Defensive in the west was reforming broken lines and preparing new plans, a fresh and tremendous problem confronted it on the east. German strategy had contemplated the destruction of French military power in six weeks and then the transfer of armies from France to Russia. But at the Marne the drive against France had failed. Meanwhile Russian armies were up, were crushing the military power of Austria, were moving toward East Prussia, Silesia, and Posen. It was necessary, then, before the offensive in the West could be resumed to halt Russian advance towards Berlin.

Russian offensive operations had first broken out in East Prussia, had swept over that province and been terminated by the rout at Tannenberg. Thereafter, the right wing of the whole Russian forces had been steadily driven east, out of Prussia, far into Russian territory, until, in the last week of September, they stood behind the Niemen, resisted German attacks, presently took the offensive, won the Battle of Augustovo, and reached the Prussian frontier again about October 10, where they were solidly checked, held as firmly as the Allies along the Aisne.

Meantime the Russian left, far down along the Carpathians, had all through September continued its victorious advance, capturing Jaroslav, passing the San, and investing Przemyśl. By October 1 it was before Tarnow, less than fifty miles from Cracow, still driving the remnants of Austrian armies before

it, while Cossack raiding parties had crowned the Carpathians and swept down into the Hungarian Plain, spreading ruin and panic.

At this moment, from their bases at Breslau and Posen, the Germans launched a terrific offensive blow against the Russian centres. Swiftly this new force drove the Russians before it until they halted far back in Poland, before Warsaw and behind the Vistula southward to Ivangorod; that is, along the first line of permanent defences in Poland. Here, in the second week of October, began the conflict still continuing on October 20, and already known as the Battle of the Vistula.

As an immediate consequence of the retreat of the Russian centre, the Russian left had to retire, abandon its drive toward Cracow, relinquish territory conquered. At last there was time for the Austrian armies to rally, to reform, and, strengthened by German corps, to take the offensive and rush to the aid of Przemyśl, still resisting gallantly. Thus by one blow the German Offensive had driven Russian armies to the Vistula, saved Austrian forces, beaten down and put wholly on the defensive the troops which a few weeks before had begun the march on Berlin.

It was wholly possible, and on October 20 believed probable, that having checked Russian advance, Germany would now transport a part of her eastern armies to the western field for a new drive at Paris, leaving to her reduced forces in Poland the task of holding back Russian advance, now condemned to move over war-wasted lands in which winter had already begun. For the moment, at least, Germany seemed freed from anxieties on the east. While she had successfully met the Allied Offensive in France and halted it, she had disposed of the Russian menace temporarily, and completed the conquest of Belgium.

#### IX.—A RETURN TO THE OFFENSIVE.

By October 1 the Allied thrust at the German right in France had failed. An effort to extend the Allied left toward Antwerp in the next few days was halted at Lille, while the fall of Ant-



werp on October 9 removed all hope of immediate rescue of Belgium. It remained to the Allies, now joined by the Belgian Army, which had escaped from Antwerp, and the British, who had evacuated Ostend, to establish their flank on the sea.

On October 15 the Germans took Ostend. Henceforth their right was safe from outflanking movements. Two days later the Allies announced that they, too, had touched the Channel north of Dunkirk. Once more, then, the battle-lines were restored on both sides from Switzerland to the Channel. Frontal, not flank, operations were now inevitable.

At the same time it became plain that Berlin, London, Paris, expected a new German advance, by the right flank, an effort to break the Allied left, where it touched the sea, to isolate and take Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne. Ready rumour alleged that the Germans had yet larger cannon, which they intended to mount on the very cliffs from which Napoleon had so long looked vainly out upon the English coast and thus command this narrow waterway.

When these lines were written, late in October, it was also clear that there was expected a new German Offensive movement along the coast, toward Paris, an effort to repeat the August drive in November. Such an operation, by Calais, Bernhardt tells us, the great Frederick planned. But he relied upon British ships. At this time, too, there was evident a tremendous effort on the part of the Allies to concentrate in this corner of France, to hold the line from Dunkirk, through Ypres, Lens, Arras to the Aisne front south of Noyon.

In sum, after five weeks, the German Defensive had beaten down every effort of Allied strategy to drive or turn its armies out of France, and to succour Belgium. It had at the same time in the east put Russia on the defensive and rescued and restored Austrian military power, earlier threatened with extinction. All this done, German strategy was again planning to act offensively, and seemed able to do it.

Such was the achievement of the German Defensive, less instantly appealing, but hardly less memorable than the earlier offensive operation from Liège to the Marne.



GERMAN ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH A FRENCH VILLAGE.



FIJIANS.

## The Future Administration of Our Pacific Possessions.

BY R. G. NIALL.

Whether Great Britain, Australia or New Zealand is to administer in future our possessions in the Pacific is not the most important question.

Possible methods of raising revenue like the culture-system, the corvée, etc., we may leave to the student of economics. Doubtless the officials who have the responsibility of administration placed upon them will be familiar with the mistakes and successes in such directions that marked the experimental stages of government in British India, Netherlands India, and the American Philippines. In founding an economic system which will be profitable both to the ruling and the subject race, we may rest assured that they will profit fully by past experience so far as it exists.

But there is one very complex and difficult problem in the Pacific, and it is so large as to practically absorb the whole question of efficient administra-

tion. For the solution of it we have little experience. It is an anthropological problem. Owing to the wide distinctions between the origins of the various races, it looms larger than it has in other British possessions, and threatens disaster to fine types of humanity and dismal failure to any but a thoroughly unselfish and scientific attempt at solution.

It calls for immediate investigation and for the co-operation of the ablest minds which the scientific world can provide with those of great practical experience in native administration.

There are three groups of the human family in the Pacific widely differing in origin and racial characteristics, commonly known as the Micronesians, the Melanesians, and the Polynesians.

If the attempt is made to derive the cost of administration solely from the native, the above problem is very much





POLYNESIANS OF SAMOA.

reduced, but for some years its success will be doubtful, and it is likely to demand excursions into special lines of education.

If the cost is also to be derived from established industries of the European, a policy of introducing cheap labour without regard to anthropological interests will perhaps prevail to the consequent gradual pushing aside and submergence of the native races and rightful heirs.

Under the latter outlook the Pacific Ocean promises through the want of system and science to contain in the near future the greatest museum of human races that the world has ever seen. Omdurman under the Khalifa, will hardly approach it as a miscellaneous collection of humanity. The fine characteristics of a people like the

Polynesians will become obliterated, and the race as a pure type non-existent. Already the Hawaiian Islands contain individuals of nearly every race under the sun. Fiji has 30,000 Indians for the 40,000 native Fijians. It may or may not be fortunate that they do not intermarry. The Fijians are a clean people, and a European can safely eat their food and enter their houses. Chinese and Solomon Islanders have been introduced into Samoa, and there are Malays in the New Hebrides.

Let me give you the tragedy of Hawaii in a very few words.

Fifty years after Captain Cook's visit, in the year 1828, it is estimated that there were about 150,000 Hawaiians. Then came foreigners, bringing every kind of disease. In 1910 the census returns gave the following:—

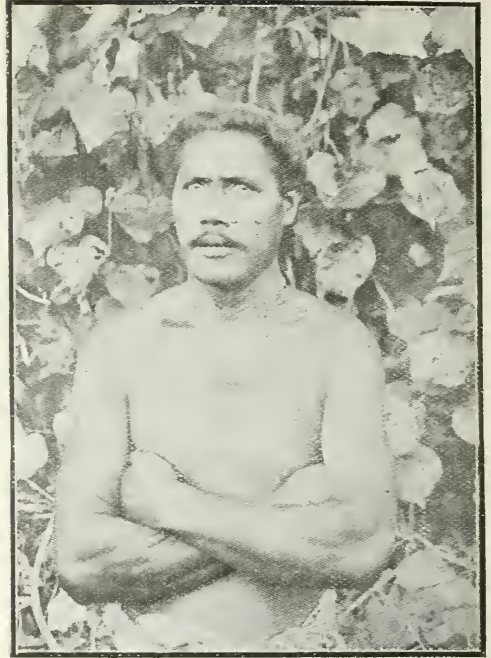


MELANESIAN, SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Pure Hawaiian .....	26,041
Half-bred Hawaiian of various kinds .....	12,506
Japanese .....	79,674
Chinese .....	21,674
Portuguese .....	22,303
Spanish .....	1,990
Porto Ricans .....	4,890
American, British, German, etc....	14,867
Black and Mulatto .....	695
Miscellaneous .....	7,269
Total .....	191,909

Prof. J. K. Goodrich says that he is entirely in accord with the view of W. R. Castle, junr., who in "Hawaii: Past and Present" writes:—

An ethnologist, a few generations hence, in attempting to reconstruct from the predominant characteristics of their mongrel descendants a picture of the ancient Hawaiian race, will make them a people despicable and thoroughly degraded. And those who have known them in their integrity, like children, faulty and volatile, but like children, eager to be taught and susceptible to every good influence, will no



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longer be there to defend them. The man who would see the remnants of a genial, kindly, affectionate race must see them now or never.

Could the condition of affairs for the Hawaiians be much worse?

My experience of natives in the tropics is that they do willingly an amount of labour which is fully commensurate with their requirements, and here I may say that possibly one solution of the problem lies in Tonga, which does not seem to require coolie labour.

Natives cannot work in the tropics like white men can in temperate countries. Nature never intended that they should. Therefore she has given them food in abundance, and a warm climate that seldom changes from hour to hour throughout the year, and prohibits an expensive wardrobe. In other words, the native is "the adaptation to natural conditions," and he is bound to suffer badly if the European forces him to unnatural conditions.

I believe that there will be enough Melanesian labour available under a wise administration to work that group consistently with natural climatic conditions, but bearing in mind the Ton-



PAPUO-MELANESIAN OF NEW GUINEA.



gan-Fijian one might from an anthropological point of view be justified in thinking that the introduction of a scientific choice from Asia into Melanesia would be beneficial.

I certainly think that no race representing an earlier stage of cultural development than the European should be permitted to reside amongst the Polynesians.

What standard of mentality for the present age do we wish to be represented by such a living monument as will be the future inhabitants of the Pacific?

Dr. A. C. Haddon, who was leader to the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition of 1897, writes in reference to Sarawak:—

There would be a grave danger to the natives if Sarawak was "opened up," according to the desires of certain financiers or corporations whose sole idea is to make money. The "development" of a country



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In British Police Service of Tonga.

does not necessarily mean the welfare of the original inhabitants; too often it spells their ruin or extermination. The hustling white man wants to make as much money as he can within the shortest possible time; but rapid exploitation is not development, and in many tropical countries it has meant that if the aborigines will not work as hard for the foreigner as the latter desires, their place must be taken by coolies from elsewhere.

If a cheap Asiatic labour policy for the Pacific is to prevail, are we going to leave the choice of type to the man of trade and commerce, or will legislators seek aid from anthropologists, and introduce those types only for each racial group, who through a prospect of assimilation promise to the Pacific Possessions some of Nature's grandest citizens?

Unfortunately, this is a province of anthropology, the active direction of which has, I fear, been so much



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neglected by anthropologists, that difficulty may be experienced in obtaining really valuable data for guidance.

I would caution untrained minds against arriving at fixed conclusions, however reasonable they may appear. Where the European of moderate stature has crossed with the Malay of small stature, the results of my observations seem to indicate that the offspring is, contrary to expectations, generally of a greater height than the white parent. Again, in the temperate climate of Java mountains, where Chinese and Malay races have interbred, the children seem to be, in the majority of cases, not of a complexion midway between yellow and brown, but almost white, and further, I would remind them of the proto-Malayan origin of the Japanese and of the Hovas, the ruling race of Madagascar.

To those interested in the future government of the Pacific, I would strongly

recommend the history of Brooke rule in Sarawak. It is true that the Brookes never had types so far apart in origin as are found in the Pacific, still the administration of Sarawak is distinguished by reason of the careful way in which the interests of the native population have constantly been made the prime object of the Government's solicitude, and I will end by quoting Mr. Alleyne Ireland, whose qualification for making a sound judgment few will care to dispute:—

I find myself unable to express the high opinion I have formed of the administration of the country without a fear that I shall lay myself open to the charge of exaggeration. With such knowledge of administrative systems in the tropics as may be gained by actual observation in almost every part of the British Empire except the African Colonies, I can say that in no country which I have ever visited are there to be observed so many signs of a wise and generous rule, such abundant indications of good government, as are to be seen on every hand in Sarawak.



POLYNESIAN OF TONGA.



# SIR JOHN FRENCH.

## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY A. G. GARDINER.

It has been said that South Africa is the grave of reputations. The saying is older than the second Boer War, but it was that war which gave it the significance that attaches to it to-day. Buller's failure, though most conspicuous, was only typical of what happened in the early stages of the war, and in the later stages Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, though more successful, cannot be said to have added to their reputations. There was, however, one exception to the depressing rule—one reputation which found in South Africa not a grave but a birthplace. Sir John French went into the war unknown to the world; he emerged from it with the most secure reputation as a fighting General in the British Army. This suggests no reflection on Lord Kitchener. His success has been that of the organiser of war rather than that of the General in the field.

If we ask what was the source of that deep and confident faith in Sir John French which was the product of the war we shall find that it was not merely the almost unvarying success which attended him, but the sense that in him there worked an original genius of a rare and indisputable kind. Now, originality in any walk of life is hard to achieve. It is most difficult of all to achieve in the military profession, in which the law of discipline makes the free play of the mind seem like the most dangerous of all heresies. Discipline and originality are natural enemies, but they are enemies that have to be reconciled if the highest efficiency of an army is to be realised. It was this necessity which haunted Bernhardt when he was showing Germany how it was to win the next war. Prince Bülow has said that the spirit of discipline, even without enthusiasm, had enabled Prussia to march to victory in the past; but Bernhardt like Scharnhorst before him saw that

in the new conditions of war mere reliance upon the unquestioning discipline of the mass was fatal, and he was never tired of preaching that, with discipline, there must be the element of individual initiative.

### SCIENCE AND ART.

If this element is important in the case of the men it is vastly more important in the case of the officer. But the sterilising dominion of precedent and tradition in his case is most difficult to attack, because it is founded not only in the idea of obedience but in professional pride. It is easy to confuse loyalty to the spirit of the profession, which should be constant, with loyalty to its methods, which should be varying. "It's a way we have in the Army" becomes an easy formula for getting rid of thinking and for treating everyone who dares to think as a dangerous person.

Now Sir John French is one of those men who are not terrorised by tradition. He has an independent life of the mind which enables him to shake himself free from conventional thought, and he encourages the same freedom in others. When he was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1912 he issued a memorandum inviting officers to contribute to the pages of the new *Army Review*, and to give expression to original ideas even though they differed from the doctrines of the official text books. He has the wisdom to see that war is both a science and an art—that it is necessary to equip the mind with all the science of war, with all that has been thought and done by the masters in the past and that it is equally necessary in action to be the master and not the slave of that science. Sir Evelyn Wood said recently that when he inspected Major French's regiment many years ago he asked a superior officer his opinion of the Major. "Forever reading military books," was the reply. And

his sister, Mrs. Despard—under whose eye he was brought up after the death of his parents—has borne similar witness to his life-long concentration upon the one theme that dominates his mind—the theory and practice of war.

#### THE REFORMER.

For, in spite of an early predilection for preaching, he has been a soldier all his life. It is true that in obedience to the parental example—for his father, Captain French, of Ripple Vale, Kent, had been an officer in the Navy—young French, in 1866, at the age of fourteen, joined the senior service and served four years as a naval cadet on the *Britannia*. But the natural genius of the lad prevailed, and in 1874 he began his military career with a commission in the 19th Hussars. It was here that his independence of mind began to show itself, not in assertive eccentricity (for he is the most modest of men, and his genius consists in the possession of common sense in an uncommon measure); but in the fresh and original thought he brought to bear on his profession. His regiment was not in those days a smart affair. It was one of these, formed after the Indian mutiny, in which only small men were enlisted, and which, in consequence, were known as the "Dumplings." The atmosphere of the officers' mess in the 19th Hussars was no better and no worse than the average in those days of dry rot. The military calling was merely a phrase of the sporting equipment of a gentleman, and drill and manœuvres were rather dull and perfunctory incidents in an otherwise agreeable mode of life, while anything like the serious study of the science of war marked a man out as a curiosity, if not as rather a vulgar fellow. Soldiering was a sport which could only be degraded by study. And as for the cavalry, its chief function was to give tone to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl. It needed a man of strong will and clear ideas to cut across such ingrained habits of thought and to set up a new professional standard, and John French was the man for the task. His influence prevailed, and the subsequent reputation

achieved by the 19th was chiefly due to his efforts.

#### THE MAN.

His success here and always was the more enduring because it was won in such a human and unpretentious way. He has not the grim aloofness of commanders like Wellington or Kitchener, nor does he cultivate the Napoleonic arts of flattery. But he is not inferior to any of these men in conveying that impression which is essential to the great General—the impression that he has the secret of victory in him. Without that assurance an army goes into battle robbed of its most powerful asset. Sir John French conveys the impression, not by enveloping himself in an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery, but by giving the sense of a singularly sane, balanced, day-light mind, firm in its judgments, yet open to conviction; masterful, yet without the fatal blemish of vanity or ambition; profoundly instructed yet wholly free from the taint of the doctrinaire. He is, in a word, the ordinary man in an extraordinary degree, fearless of danger, imperturbable in action, free alike from exaltations and despairs, cool when the temperature is highest and warm when the blast is coldest, and, in all circumstances, human, generous, a little hot-tempered, and always comprehensible. One would be tempted to say that he was the *beau idéal* of the Englishman, but for the fact that he is Irish.

#### "INEFFICIENT TO COMMAND."

But in spite of his high personal qualities and the universal affection with which he is regarded, his path has not been unobstructed. No man who thinks independently and acts on his thinking can expect that in a world governed by precedent—least of all can he expect it in an institution which, like the Army, makes every rut sacred. He became known to the conventional as a man with rather heretical notions about the use of cavalry—for example, he taught his men that they might have to fight on foot—and he had the distinction (and, incidentally, the good fortune) to be passed over at a critical moment in his career by the late Duke of Cam-



bridge, to whom a new idea was perdition and the man who entertained it a peril. Even his successes were, to the pedants, gained by means so unorthodox as to rule him out as an unsafe man. Thus, when commanding the cavalry in the manœuvres of 1897 he achieved a brilliant success, his tactics were severely assailed as unsound, and as involving undue risks, and his nomination to the command of the cavalry in the Boer War was opposed on the ground that he was "inefficient to command in the field." Fortunately, General Buller had had experience of General French in Egypt, at Abu Klea and Metemneh, and he insisted on his appointment to the cavalry command.

#### THE BOER WAR.

Now if one judged war as a science only, as the Germans do, and not as an art, as Napoleon did, there would have been a reasonable case against the selection of French. For though he has been one of the most careful students of war of his time, and, when at the War Office as Assistant Adjutant-General, devoted himself daily to working out tactical problems, he is essentially a pragmatist in war. He knows that war is too irrational, too incalculable a thing to be governed by rules—that every situation is unprecedented, is made up of factors, human, material, moral, that have never occurred in the same relation before, that in the last resource it is judgment, inspiration, common sense, informed by science but not controlled by it, which must be in command. To put it in another way, it is not a man's theories that count but his personality. It was possible to condemn French on his work in manœuvres because according to the rules he took too great risks, and manœuvres having no reality could not demonstrate that those risks were warranted. Only actual war could reveal whether audacity and caution were in due equipose.

And that was the revelation of the Boer War in regard to Sir John French. It showed that he had the genius for seizing a situation swiftly and truly, that he was always master of the whole sum, not only the sum of his own resources, but the sum of his enemy's re-

sources, that his risks, though they might ignore rules, never ignored facts. As an example, take the best known but not the greatest of his achievements in the Boer War—the relief of Kimberley. When French hurled his cavalry division at the Boer lines he took risks which in manœuvres would have been denounced as fatal. By every theory of the text books he should have been destroyed. Instead, the fury, unexpectedness, momentum of the act carried him through the storm unscathed. The clouds of dust flung up by the flying feet of the horses enveloped the charge in obscurity, and the Boers for once lost their heads and fired confusedly. Their line was pierced, they fled in disorder, and Kimberley was relieved. It was the first great success of the war. It was achieved in the teeth of all doctrine, and on the basis of actual present conditions, the meaning and values of which only a swift and sure intuition could reveal.

#### A FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

Or take that still greater, because more complex and sustained, feat at Koodoosrand Drift. French and his cavalry, worn out after the long action at Dronfield, were resting in the evening when news came that Cronje was fleeing to Bloemfontein with all his force, and that French must cut him off at Koodoosrand Drift. On the face of it so great a task was physically impossible to the exhausted horses and tired men, but French is never overawed by the "impossible." What does the soldier live for except to prove that the impossible is possible and snatch victory as the reward. "Impossible? Is that all? Then the sooner we set about it the better," is his attitude. By midnight he was moving; by nine o'clock in the morning his advanced patrols came in sight of the enemy crossing the Modder in a confused mass, and never dreaming of danger from the west. The apparition of French across the path was as startling as the descent of Montrose at Inverlochy, or of Stonewall Jackson at Manasses Junction. But Cronje was in overwhelming superiority, and it was only by the most audacious "bluff," by spreading his little force over a wide

front, and giving the impression of numbers, that French was able to hold the enemy in check until the panting infantry under Kitchener came up from the east and sealed Cronje's fate.

This incident disclosed qualities in French not less important than his brilliant daring—qualities which are proving invaluable in his present gigantic task. I refer to his unquestioning loyalty and his incomparable powers of endurance. Without them there would have been disaster in France. The co-operation of allies is always a delicate and perilous operation, and the relations of Sir John French and General Joffre were peculiarly susceptible to strain. French is not only a Field Marshal, and therefore Joffre's superior in rank, but he entered the war with a reputation established on the field of battle—a reputation second to none in Europe—while his chief had had no experience of war on a great scale. Nevertheless, the English commander has given the world a supreme example of perfect loyalty, not merely in deed and word, but in spirit, that furnishes one of the most chivalrous object lessons in the history of war. And his endurance has been no less invaluable. It is not merely physical endurance. That, with his short, unromantic, but very serviceable figure, he possesses in an extraordinary degree. Weariness of body seems unknown to him. But even more important is his mental endurance. There is a touch of habitual depression in Kitchener, just a little sense of impending disaster. But French has the unconquerable cheerfulness of the man who lives in the moment, bends all his faculties to the immediate task, and refuses to be terrorised by what is before or behind.

It was this sense of stability and balance that marked him out for high command. The brilliant cavalry officer is not often a brilliant commander. His task is incidental rather than constructive, and his success comes from the impetuous rush of the spirit rather than from the steady glow of the mind. French's rare merit is that he combines the momentary inspiration of the cavalry leader with the power of survey-

ing a large and complex situation from a detached point of view. In a word he has the power of thought as well as the instinct for action. This was shown in a very decisive way by the operations which he carried out in front of the Colesberg position. From the military point of view, those operations were the most conspicuous success of the war. It was in them that French found himself and the military world discovered a leader of original genius. During three months, by every art of finesse and "bluff," by skilful mystification, by caution that suddenly changed to audacity, and audacity that changed to caution, by delicate calculations of time, of material values and of moral factors he held in check a force often as much as five times greater than his own, a force, moreover, commanded by leaders of the high quality of Delarey and De Wet.

The sense of loyalty which I have emphasised as one of the conspicuous traits of Sir John French's character is not confined to the professional sphere. His loyalty as a soldier has its counterpart in his loyalty to the civil authority. It is an open secret that had his opinion been followed there would have been short shrift with the potential rebels of Curragh Camp. The final announcement that the soldier whose fine instinct of loyalty to constituted authority was the one redeeming feature of that unhappy business, had found it impossible to reconcile honour with the withdrawal of his resignation, seemed to leave the country face to face with an unprecedented danger. Only Mr. Asquith's dramatic assumption at that moment of the Secretaryship of War saved the situation.

That episode seemed like the unworthy eclipse of a great career. Five months later he was saving the liberties of Europe by a retreat that has no parallel in the history of war. When it was known that he was to command the Expeditionary Force there was no dissentient left in all the land. He was not merely the obvious choice—he was the only conceivable choice, and every day that has elapsed since then has deepened our gratitude that that choice was possible.





H.M. SUPERDREADNOUGHT AUDACIOUS.

Completed early last year, 23,600 tons, 21 knots, turbine engines, developing 31,000 horsepower. She carries 10 great 13.5 inch guns, 16.4 inch quickfirers, and six machine guns. She was the greatest ship in the British navy until the *Iron Duke* was commissioned just before the war.

## PUBLIC v. CENSOR.

### TACTICS IN THE DAILY STRUGGLE.

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.\*

The public, in doing its share in the war, is under the disadvantage of working in the dark. The Allied Governments are engaged in a conspiracy among themselves to deceive the enemy as to what their armies are about. An admirable, and, indeed, a necessary enterprise, in which, as in everything, I fervently invoke success for them. Success in the conspiracy means, of course, that their own publics must be misled or kept in ignorance. To this their own public will not object. But the Allied Governments are also busy with a further enterprise, that of misleading and keeping in ignorance their own publics, not for the undoing of the enemy, but for the good of their own publics and

for the stability of themselves. Of all their daily business this is perhaps the part which Governments enjoy the most. I recognise that in such a matter the Governments must to a certain extent act together, and therefore that the most politically-enlightened and the steadiest public must suffer for the weakness of its inferiors. There is no doubt that the British public stands easily first in political sagacity, and it therefore suffers the most. At the same time, I am convinced, and so are most folks, that the British censorship is still badly organised and administered, and that it might, without offending the other censorships, be considerably less foolish than as a fact it is. I am further convinced that all the Allied censorships are running the same danger which we

\*Published by arrangement with the "Daily News and Leader," London.

so clearly and so disdainfully see the enemy censorships to be running in Berlin and Vienna.

#### OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Still, the censorship exists, and it is not going to be appreciably altered. We are forced to accept it. The duty of Governments is to govern, especially in war-time; and the responsibility of their acts is theirs. The duty of the public is to submit with cheerfulness to the restraint of being governed more than usual. And to submit with wisdom and cunning also. But, above all, the duty of the public is to decline to live in a world of illusions, for illusions magnify crises and weaken the power to meet them. Now, as regards the censorship, it rests with each member of the public to render it ineffective so far as he himself is concerned—and this without aiding the enemy! Indeed, by rendering the censorship essentially ineffective so far as he himself is concerned, a man harms the enemy, because he increases the strength of the Government by one undeluded subject. Unless the censorship propagates absolute lies, which it does not, it can be made essentially and substantially ineffective by a comprehension of the principles upon which it works. These principles are based on universal human nature, for nothing is more human, more touchingly naïve, than an official newsman—the chief agent of the censorship.

#### SORTING THE FACTS.

The man who dares look the facts in the face is stronger than the man who dares not. But the audacity to look the facts in the face cannot be exercised until the facts are sorted out from the other things. And the process of sorting out is an intellectual process, interminable and trying. It must always be recommended. And it must be practised over the whole mingled field of truth and illusion—official bulletins, unofficial descriptive work, articles by military experts, letters from the front, and confessions of the enemy wounded.

Military experts in particular are to be treated with caution just now. The fault is not altogether theirs; indeed, it is very little theirs. The censor has

them in his grip. He allows them to moralise and to prophesy, and that is about all. But even when they moralise sternly they end with a note of sentimental good cheer which nullifies all that precedes it. As to prophecy, the prophecies are usually quite wrong. Up to within a week of the fall of Antwerp the most prominent military experts were convinced that that which has happened would not happen; some of them were even convinced that it was the German force, and not the Belgian, that was being contained. Practically all military experts have assured us daily for many weeks past that we were within a day or two of a decisive event, though on the surface there was nothing to suggest the imminence of a decision. "The crisis is at hand, and the Allies have no reason to fear," etc. You see, they wanted a decision. So did we readers. The prophecies were conceivably excusable. What is less excusable is the apparent determination of some experts to see German failure in everything. Thus: "The appearance of a German army corps at ——— proves that Von Kluck is seriously alarmed for his safety in that region." Possibly the recent appearance of a German army corps in Antwerp proved that the Germans were seriously alarmed for their safety in Antwerp. The influence of such comment upon the mind of the reader is insidious and terrible, and it should be fought with might and main.

#### WHAT IS NOT EVIDENCE.

And, finally, perhaps no influence is more malign than that of the testimony of German prisoners, especially when they happen to be wounded. These German prisoners are always telling of discouragement, starvation, demoralisation, and despair in the German ranks. Of course they are. Put yourself in the place of a captive, and decide whether you would not be very gloomy about the condition of your own side, and whether you would not be prone to account for your own capture, and whether, in face of the overwhelming fact of helplessness, you would not feel the promptings of a certain instinct to please your captors. I should, anyway, just as I should be afraid of shrapnel.



As evidence of general conditions in an army, the statements of prisoners are scarcely worth printing.

Let it not be supposed that the sole danger of the well-meaning honest citizen in estimating the progress of the war, despite the efforts of the censorship to prevent him, is the danger of undue optimism. It is almost inevitable that undue pessimism will at intervals take the place of undue optimism. Events theatrical in their swiftness and in their immediate effects—such as the fall of Namur, the sinking of cruisers, and the fall of Antwerp—are bound to shake him unduly, because the peptonised diet of news served by the censorship has inevitably impaired the health of his organs and enfeebled his powers of resistance to the unusual. At times facts are too much for the censorship. When Antwerp has fallen it has fallen, and no ingenuities of censoring can mitigate the crudity of the affair. And when British forces, of which the British public know nothing (though the readers of Dutch newspapers, and, therefore, the Germans, knew a lot) are involved in the fall, either that unpleasing detail, too, must emerge or the German official wireless bulletins must be mutilated for us to save our stomachs. The censorship, having shorn its lambs, is obliged to push them out into the icy wind, and the consequences are instantly manifest throughout a darkened London. That is an inevitable sequel of censorship. Each citizen must guard against it for himself, and each citizen, by the daily practice of scientific detachment in his heart, is capable of so doing.

In the first place, the wise reader should remember that the official newsman, just like ourselves, employs two different vocabularies to describe similar events. Thus, the German army may suffer a defeat, the Allied armies may only suffer a reverse. We feel this in ourselves. Who among us would dare to say that the British Army was ever defeated? Nobody. Even in the worst days of the Boer War the British Army was not defeated, and anyone silly enough to assert that it was defeated would have been bashed on the head for a pro-Boer. Reverse, yes. Defeat, no.

Only an enemy can be defeated. The thing is natural; it is inevitable. Nevertheless, the wise reader of war news will remember that defeat and reverse are absolutely interchangeable terms, denoting precisely the same phenomenon. If in the privacy of his mind he constantly interchanges them he will constantly produce with himself an effect which is destructive of illusion.

In the same way, the enemy retreats, but we retire; the enemy is routed, but we retire rapidly; and the enemy flies, but we retreat fighting obstinate rear-guard actions. Again, there are those remarkable words "successful" and "unsuccessful." Who would suppose that two such opposites could ever mean exactly the same thing? But they often do. A good example of their interchangeability may be seen in their connection with the word "sortie." All depends upon the manner in which you regard a sortie. A sortie is always successful in that a party comes out; it is always unsuccessful in that the party re-enters. A German sortie is not and cannot be successful; the Allied sortie must be successful. Beware, therefore, of being influenced by these deluding adjectives.

#### HOW TO READ WAR NEWS.

Beware, also of vagueness in official reports. A grain of detail is usually more important than a ton of generality in any official report. If you read that "the Germans have advanced somewhat at B——; our forces have made good progress elsewhere," you may assume that the German advance was more important than the Allies' progress. And seriously beware of one-sided statements as to losses. "The German losses exceeded three thousand killed and wounded." They may have; the figure may not be exaggerated. In our minds we accordingly write off with glee three thousand from the effective strength of the German army, and that is the end of the transaction for us. We forget the Allies' losses, because they have not been brought to our notice. Yet the very fact that they have not been brought to our notice (as they often are not) should make us pause. The Allies'

losses may have been only a thousand ; but they may have been five thousand ; the chances are that they are round about three thousand. There cannot now be much difference in the wastage of the opposing forces, but while reading the news this fact is extraordinary difficult to keep in mind. The picture of a German army continually ravaged by death, disease, and demoralisation, and an Allied army always miraculously at full strength and full courage simply cannot be permanently destroyed. It reconstructs itself each morning at breakfast by a magic process of its own. Intensely ridiculous, it still imposes itself even on the sagacious. It is one of the very worst psychological effects of the official bulletin. It can only be nullified by persistent mental effort, and by persistent reading of the Berlin wireless reports.

We peruse the latter always with convinced and scornful scepticism. But despite our just resentment of German semi-official lying, we have to admit that officially Berlin is seldom fatuous enough to depart from fact in its Marconi communications. The evident partiality of its summaries, together with their brilliant omissions, should help us to be critical of the bulletins which form our own daily bread. To study the rival bulletins in two utterly different frames of mind, as we do, is human, but foolish. Never should we forget that the object of all bulletins (including ours) is to put the best face on things, to minimise the disagreeable and to lay stress on the agreeable. Other considerations will go down before this consideration. If our armies gain a victory we shall hear the most of it at the earliest moment. If our armies are punished we shall hear the least of it, and

much will be said about discretion and the necessity of not giving things away to the enemy. In other words, all official bulletins are deliberately intended to give an impression different from the impression of an impartial spectator. This has always been so. It may be right, for there are weaklings in all lands. But whether it is right or wrong we should remember it and allow for it in our conclusions.

And nearly all that I have said about official news applies to unofficial news. I have remarked that Governments are engaged in the enterprise of misleading us. But we ourselves are an active part of that conspiracy. We want to be deceived ; we do not want the whole truth unless it is of a certain complexion ; and all the unofficial newsmen must pander to this longing as far as they dare. You can see the result in the headlines of every newspaper in the world without exception. Unconsciously we are all co-operating with the censorship that we detest. The newspaper that printed even the censored news with the scientific detachment of a historian would no doubt soon get its windows smashed, or at least find itself the target of a rumour that it was being financed by the enemy. Possibly we don't need scientific detachment about news during a war? Not on the surface, perhaps. But we assuredly do need it in the depths of our hearts, if we are to be the sort of nation that gives real strength to a Government when the hardest pinch comes. Every man of us derives a certain encouragement from the public at large with its determination to see chiefly what is convenient ; but his real strength can spring only from himself, and the supply of it will depend upon his passion for truth.







THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

Topical.

The second battalion of this famous regiment practising a bayonet charge. The Germans must have seen something like this when the first battalion charged them in France.

## PEN PICTURES OF THE WAR.

### I.—THE BATTLE OF THE YSER.

The American papers contain some very notable contributions from correspondents at the front. They write with greater freedom for the American public than our own men do for the British.

#### THE GALLANT BELGIUMS.

Describing the great battle of the Yser, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett says that there, for the first time during the whole of the war, the Belgians knew that they were not fighting alone, isolated and cut off from the Allies by a million armed men. This time they were fighting in line with the English and French armies. Yet for some time no reinforcements were available, and the Belgian Army had to meet the brunt of the German attack, assisted only by one brigade of French marines. It seems incredible that the Belgians were left to meet unaided the full shock of the terrible Teutonic onslaught for so many days. They were beginning to retreat after the awful agony of the trenches, when "what seemed like a miracle" happened, and the German attack ceased. Britain went to war to protect Belgium from invasion. France promised to aid her, yet it was not until the foe had almost the

whole of Belgium in his hands that the Allies were able to spare any men to actively co-operate with the Belgian Army. What actually happened was that the Belgians were forced back into the arms of the Allies instead of the latter marching forward to their succour. Mr. Bartlett thus describes various incidents in the great conflict:—

#### SCREAMING SHELLS.

Imagine a perfectly flat country dotted with towns and villages, all of which were in flames. Imagine the horizon about two miles in front a continuous line of smoke, which completely blotted out all else beyond. Imagine shells screaming and bursting over every one of these villages and farms, and falling into the fields beyond. Everywhere you saw the white puffs of shrapnel and the great black clouds rising in spirals, as the "Jack Johnsons" blew houses, churches and Mother Earth into smithereens. Men are not often visible in modern warfare, because, to make any show at all against the infernal machinations of Messrs. Krupp, Shneider, Creusot and Co., they must bury themselves in the earth, and only rise up

to shoot if the enemy is sufficiently foolhardy to show himself.

#### THE MUSIC OF THE BULLET.

Civilian unfortunates had to make their way as best they could on foot to the rear, frightened almost to death by the bursting shells. Even children were among these refugees, and their cries of alarm were perhaps the saddest incident of this ghastly day. Amid the infernal din made by these German shells the continual rattle of the rifles and machine gun fire must not be forgotten. It sounded like the finer note of a violin amid the clash of a neighbouring brass band. Outside Oudecappelle we halted where the stream of cars ended to reconsider our position. Soldiers were drifting in from the front with awful tales of what was happening; of hundreds mangled wounded lying unattended along the roads leading to and in Dixmude itself; of the terrible numbers of the Germans, and how they continually came on in great waves only to be driven back again. Above all, it was the shell fire which all felt the most. The Belgians had only a few field batteries with which to reply to the immense numbers of the enemy, and the latter simply dominated the field with his heavy howitzers. Whenever one of the Belgian batteries attempted to reply, it was simply smothered by "Jack Johnsons." Thus the infantry holding the trenches round the town had to rely on their own unaided efforts.

#### A GHASTLY PICTURE.

A Belgian battery, making its way to the front along this road, only twenty minutes before, had been unlucky enough to have one of these great howitzer shells burst right in its midst.

The destruction was the most complete I have ever seen. All six horses of one of the guns had been blown into mangled heaps. Their remains lay scattered about the road like badly cut joints suddenly thrown about by the overturning of a gigantic butcher's cart. Amid the carnage lay a Belgian gunner completely cut in two. The carriage of the gun was overturned and smashed. The force of the explosion had blown

up some of the shells in the limber, and scattered its contents all over the road. Thus amid the dead horses were masses of biscuits, tinned meats, coffee, sugar, and the personal possessions of the unfortunate gunners. A little further on four other horses, which had evidently managed to gallop a short distance, lay dead. The soldiers of the battery were collecting what remained of the biscuits, tinned meat, and coffee, and when this was done they set to work to clear away the horrid remains and to drag the gun to one side.

#### CHARGING WITH THE BAYONET.

Every time a shell came crashing among the roofs we thought our end had come. So did the marines, who crowded closer together, as men always do under such conditions. It was only a short way to the town hall, which occupies one side of an open square, which was an inferno in itself. The shells were bursting all over it, and, in addition, it seemed to catch every stray bullet fired by the Germans at the trenches only a short distance away. . . Suddenly the German artillery ceased for a few minutes, and we heard through the gathering darkness shouts which sounded like "Ja, ja!" A French soldier told me it was the Germans charging with the bayonet. This was the crisis. The cheers were met by a redoubled rifle fire, and the terrible "pat-pat-pat-pat" of the machine guns. The Belgian batteries fired in salvos, the shells all bursting in groups of red flame over the advancing infantry. The cheers died away, and once more the German field batteries and "Jack Johnsons" recommenced their shelling.

#### BROKEN AND EXHAUSTED.

The Germans, to direct their fire, sent up two of their cigar-shaped captive balloons, which were out of the reach of the French and Belgian guns. However, in spite of this assistance, they wasted a tremendous amount of ammunition on useless objects. Their aim was, however, better directed on the Belgian entrenchments, and the casualties from shell fire were very heavy. Again Nieuport was bombarded, and again the



German infantry made determined efforts to throw bridges across the canal and river, but without any success. Nevertheless it became evident on Sunday afternoon that the Belgian army was becoming more and more exhausted, and badly in need of rest and reorganisation. The wounded brought in from the advanced trenches were worn out and dispirited. The number of stragglers began to increase, and men were seen wandering all over the country in small groups without officers. . . . Throughout Monday morning the combat between Prevyse and Nieuport was awe-inspiring and grand. The artillery fire from field guns and "Jack Johnsons" never stopped for a moment. The gradual progress made by the Germans could be marked by the way in which their bursting shells gradually approached nearer and nearer to Furnes. Amid the din could be heard the rattle of continuous rifle fire, and the ceaseless pap-pap-pap of the machine guns with which the French and Belgians mowed down the head of every advancing German column.

#### A NARROW SQUEAK.

Between eleven and twelve the situation became more and more critical. Large numbers of Belgian infantry in the last stages of exhaustion began to make their way towards the rear. These men seemed to be almost starving, and

many said they had been without food for two days. The French heavy guns protected the right of the line by keeping up a continuous shelling of the trenches beyond Dixmude, and the enemy made no effort to advance against that town. The unfortunate village of Pervyse came in for a terrible bombardment, and every house in it was destroyed. So serious did the situation become that everyone thought the enemy would succeed in holding his ground on this side of the Yser and in pushing on to Furnes. Orders were given to evacuate the town. The wounded were hastily carried to the station, and a large number of the civilian population began to flee. The Queen herself, who throughout these days had been tending the wounded, left for Poperinghe. . . . In spite of their exertions, the German batteries could not quell the murderous fire of the French and Belgian artillery, which was thus concentrated at very short range on the advancing infantry, inflicting enormous losses. It was the effect of this fire which probably turned the scale in favour of the Allies. About midday the German advance became stationary, and afterwards began to recede. . . . The good news came in time to check the general exodus from Furnes, much to the delight of the civilian population, who reopened their shops and returned to their homes.

## II.—WITH THE BRITISH ON THE AISNE.

A most interesting account of the "Work of War," is given in *Collier's* by John Robert Clarke, an American who volunteered as a motor driver. He was attached to the British Army when in the Aisne district. His narrative is in the form of a diary, from which we cull a few items.

He gives some illustrations of the typical condition of things during the first few weeks of the war. "Nothing was definite or settled for more than a day at a time." He had great difficulty with sentries—all English soldiers indeed had to be very careful, for a large number of Germans, whose retreat had been cut off, were roaming about, and

as the English and German uniforms have some resemblance sentries were apt to shoot and question afterwards! War correspondents, he says, had a very bad time. They were constantly arrested, and if their explanations were not accepted they were held as prisoners. "In cases of this kind prisoners are tried as soon as possible, and if they are able to give a fairly good explanation they are sent to the rear for further investigation. If they are unable then to prove their innocence they are shot."

He mentions that he saw seventy aeroplanes at the rear of the British forces, five army corps of which were sandwiched in between the French.

"The most surprising thing to my mind are the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of smashed bicycles to be seen on the battlefield, and along the line of retreat, showing clear signs of a running fight all the time. The roads are in a remarkable condition considering the troops, artillery and motors trucks that have passed over them. . . . Matches are so scarce that a man commits a serious offence if he strikes one for himself alone. Even the officers ask the men if they are ready before striking one. . . . The work of carrying dispatches is a duty of the motor-cycle squad, but the rain and mud have put all the belt-driven machines out of business, and there are only two out of forty motor-cycles with us that are chain driven."

I was under fire myself for the first time to-day, he says. I saw four men killed and about twenty wounded by an exploding shell just a short distance from me—heard the shells scream overhead and then break, saw the earth fly up where a part struck and dust fly from stone walls just across the road. One at first feels that he must look and see the shell and try to dodge it; but by the time you are conscious of hearing it, it is a thousand feet past, and harmless as far as you are concerned. It is the shells you don't hear that cause the damage in your neighbourhood. . . . I saw on one side of a straw stack men killed by shell fire, and on the other side were men dead without a mark on them. This must be the new explosive of the French. It is almost unbelievable, but this explosive is so terrible that the air currents it sets up shatter the lungs of any living thing within a radius of a hundred yards.

To-day I talked with some French artillerymen, and they are strongly opposed to fighting next the English. They say the English will push up four or five hundred yards in advance of their position, cut loose and then when they draw the German fire, or, rather, when the Germans begin to get the range, the English will leave the guns and hunt cover until such time as the Germans think they are completely silenced. Then they will return to their

guns, but in the meantime, French tactics being different, the French claim that they are forced to hold to their guns to prevent German infantry taking those of the English. Consequently they draw more German fire, and are forced at times to leave their own troops uncovered and they reap the losses while the English reap the glory.

The Turcos have been in their glory to-day. In the trenches they have not been worth a continental but for hand-to-hand fighting they are terrible. In the forest of Villers-Cotterets we came on a line of fifteen German motor trucks part of a provision train that had been trapped on their retreat, and completely destroyed, the Germans setting fire to them before they were abandoned. This is done by both sides. If there is no chance of escape the first move is to destroy everything that may be of use to the enemy. All of the trees that border the road for a distance of over a mile are shattered showing the terrible destructive powers of modern shells. Some of these trees, twenty inches in diameter, are cut completely in two.

Having resigned and being anxious to get back to Paris Mr. Clarke took train for that city, but found that all direct lines to Paris were in use to transport troops so the trains of wounded were forced to follow any lines that might be open to them. It took 28 hours to travel about 53 miles. His train consisted of fifty cars full of wounded all lying on straw in box cars with nothing to eat except emergency rations, nothing to drink, and no one to look after them. And it often takes from five to six days before they reach their destination. It is always 24 to 48 hours before they even reach a town where they are able to get food and drink, but their field dressings are never changed until they arrive at the hospital for which they are headed.

Some of the shop-keepers raised the price of goods in Paris, but they were mobbed by the crowd. Later the military authorities took things in charge and food prices were fixed at values prevalent before the war.



### III.—THE FALL OF ANTWERP.

The most vivid picture of the debacle at Antwerp is given by Arthur Ruhl, in *Collier's*. He states that after the terrible experience and the emotional excitement of the whole thing he was so done up that he found it almost impossible to write when he reached England three days later. "The thing stupefies the imagination rather than stimulates it. The last part—the flight across Belgium with the refugees—I simply had to give up. It was one of those things that simply cannot be described. The fall of Antwerp is undoubtedly one of the big single tragedies of the war." In conclusion he says:—

I have only coasted along the edges of Belgium's tragedy, and the rest of the story, of which we were a part for the next two days—the flight of those hundreds of thousands of homeless people—is something that can scarcely be told—you must follow it out in imagination into its countless uprooted, disorganised lives. You must imagine old people struggling along over miles and miles of country roads; young girls, under burdens a man might not care to bear, tramping until they had to carry their shoes in their hands and go barefoot to rest their unaccustomed feet. You must imagine the pathetic efforts of hundreds of people to keep clean by washing in wayside streams or ditches; imagine babies going without milk because there was no milk to be had; families shivering in damp hedgerows, or against haystacks when darkness overtook them; and you must imagine this, not on one road, but on every road, for mile after mile on a whole countryside. . . . Never in modern times, not in our generation at least, has the world seen anything like that flight—nothing so strange, so overwhelming, so pitiful. And when I say pitiful, you must not think of hysterical women, desperate tramping men, tears and screams. In all those miles one saw neither complaining nor protestation—at times one might almost have thought it one vast eccentric picnic. No, it was their orderliness, their thrift and kindness, which made the waste and irony of it all so colossal and hideous. . . . You could not be swept along by that endless stream of exiles and retain at the end of the day any particular enthusiasm for the red glory of war!

Mr. Ruhl thus describes the last day in Antwerp:—

And now the city—a busy city of near four hundred thousand people—emptied itself in earnest. Citizens and soldiers, field guns, motor trucks, wheelbarrows, dogcarts, baby carriages, droves of people on foot, all flowing down to the Scheldt, the ferries and the bridge. They poured into coal barges, fill-

ing the yawning black holes as Africans used to fill slave ships, into launches and tugs, and along the roads leading down the river and south-westward toward Ostend.

One thought with a shudder of what would happen if the Germans dropped a few of their high-explosive shells into that helpless mob, and it is only fair to remember that they did not, although retreating Belgian soldiers were part of it, and one of the German aeroplanes, a mere speck against the blue, was looking calmly down overhead. Nor did they touch the cathedral, and their agreement not to shell any of the buildings previously pointed out on the map delivered to them, through the American Legation, seemed to be observed.

Down through that mass of fugitives pushed a London motor bus ambulance, with several wounded British soldiers. One of them sitting upright supporting with his right hand a left arm, the biceps, bound in a blood-stained tourniquet, half torn away. They had come in from the trenches, where their comrades were now waiting with their helpless little rifles for an enemy miles away, who lay back at his ease and swept them with shrapnel. I asked them how things were going, and they said not very well; they would only wait until the German aeroplanes had given the range, and the trenches became too hot, then fall back, dig themselves in, and play the same game over again.

Mr. Ruhl shows, as many other correspondents have shown, the utter futility of sending a mere 8000 marines and naval men to help in the defence of Antwerp, armed, too, with rifles only, quite destitute of even the lightest field artillery. He does not criticise this action, but others do so in no unmeasured terms. Had the marines not been sent, they say, there would have been no bombardment of Antwerp, no ghastly flight from the shell-swept city. The army would have evacuated the place, and it would have been surrendered like Brussels. They forget that had this been done it would probably have been impossible to destroy the vast stores of petrol, of wool, of gram. A peaceful surrender would have meant the handing over of the docks intact, and the German ships in the river would have been left undamaged, whilst the great dock gates could not have been blown up. Writing of the defences, Mr. Ruhl says:—

The nearest trench was in an orchard beside a brick farmhouse, with a vista in front of barbed-wire entanglement, and a carefully

cleaned firing field stretching out to a village and trees, about half a mile away. They had looked very interesting and difficult, those barbed-wire mazes and suburbs, ruthlessly swept of trees and houses, when I had seen the Belgians preparing for the siege six weeks before, and they were to be of about as much practical use now as pictures on a wall. . . . The German artillery was hidden far off behind the horizon trees, and the British marines and naval reserve men who manned these trenches could only wait there, rifle in hand, for an enemy that would not come while a captive balloon a mile or two away, and an aeroplane sailing far overhead gave the ranges, and they waited for the shrapnel to burst.

Mr. Ruhl helped get away the wounded from the hospital. The phrase, "Whistle of shells," he says, had taken on a new reality since midnight; now one was to learn something of the meaning of those equally familiar words, "They succeeded in saving their wounded, although under heavy fire."

None of the wounded could walk, none dress himself. Most of them in ordinary times would have lain where they were for weeks. There were fractured legs, not yet set, men with faces half shot away, men half out of their heads, and all these had to be dressed somehow, covered up, crowded into or on top of the London motor 'buses, and started off through a city under bombardment, toward open country, which might already be occupied by the enemy. Bundles of uniforms, mud-stained, blood-stained, just as they had come from the trenches, were dumped out of the store room, and dis-

tributed, hit or miss. British Tommies went out as Belgians, Belgians in British khaki. The man whose broken leg I had lifted the day before, we simply bundled in his bed blankets, and set up in the corner of a 'bus. . . . While we were working an English soldier, shot through the jaw and throat, sat on the edge of his bed, shaking with a hideous rattling cough.

He tells further of the visit he paid to the other hospital, in charge of the nuns, who had decided to risk staying. The frail English-speaking sister spoke not of the peril of the handful of nurses, but of the wounded, and of Belgium, and of what both had suffered already, and of what might yet be in store. She saw him to the court, telling him he had best run for it, because of the shells, and then—

She turned back to the ward, to wait with that roomful of more or less panicky men for the tramp of German soldiers, and the knock on the door which meant that they were prisoners.

All the last night, he says, the Belgians were retreating across the pontoon bridge, and once, it must have been about two or three o'clock, I heard a sound that meant that all was over. It was the crisp tramp—different from the Belgian shuffle—of British soldiers, and up from the street came an English voice: "Look alive, men, they've just picked up our range."

#### IV.—A WOMAN IN BATTLE.

Miss F. Tennyson Jesse has the distinction of being one of the few correspondents to reach any firing line, and the only woman writer who has done so. She is a grand-niece of the poet Tennyson, and is only twenty-five years old. She was in Antwerp at "Belgium's last stand," and before that saw much of the fighting in the neighbourhood. Her impressions, contributed to *The English Review* and *Collier's* are splendid word pictures of the tragic happenings in and around the doomed city. She tells of the difficulties of war correspondents, which "become almost insuperable when the correspondent is a woman." Luck, she says, is, after all, the chief factor; but Miss Jesse's luck was clearly due rather to her own personality.

The difficulties in the way of even the men correspondents are extraordinary. The Germans have orders to shoot any they may catch, as spies, the Belgians object to them for fear the enemy might force information out of them when caught, and the English authorities are consistently uncivil and ungracious.

Despite the fact that no woman was allowed in a motor car at all, she managed to get a place in one, and went right out to the firing line. On the way she passed refugees streaming over the bright fields.

One is used nowadays in Belgium to this perpetual procession, always going past in profile, bundle on back, children on arm, and helpless old folk in wheelbarrows—an endless frieze of bowed figures, dark against the clear autumn horizon. Yet every time the misery and futility of it all strike at the mind more deeply.



Miss Jesse actually saw a cavalry charge, and tells of the queer little plaintive noise made by the bullets, rather like a sobbing whine:

They went sighing beside one, and the sound of their going was as clear as though the air were stinging with invisible insects. This probably accounts for the unalarming nature of rifle fire as compared with shell or shrapnel.

At Ghent, at midnight, she saw a Zeppelin riding directly overhead:

Gray and ghostly, blotting successive stars, she slipped like a mouse along the sky, and the menace of her somehow only added to the wonder and the beauty of her, so tiny at that height, and yet so deadly. I found I was shaking with mad excitement—the first time I have been at this wretched war when I got a pure thrill of emotion. . . . Every bit of help rendered one in this war, where all men's hands are against one, has been rendered by Americans. I, for one, shall never be able to look on the Stars and Stripes without a feeling of gratitude for its protection.

Assured by correspondents that there was really no hope for Antwerp, she refused to leave, but warned the people with whom she was lodging. They, like everyone else, were living in a fools' paradise.

The Belgian papers are not publishing anything about the real danger, but merely announce that the Germans have been repulsed with heavy losses. Every Government concerned seems to be going in for this system of doctoring the truth. If it is to deceive the Germans, it is quite futile. . . . The forts are in ruins, but instead of retreating to the next line, the Belgians are going to defend the river. Everyone is saying, "But where are the English?" The feeling over here is a little bitter, and one cannot blame them. They say that Belgium has been left to be strangled, which is exactly what is happening, and yet I suppose we sent all the men we had to France. But they are still much more enthusiastic about us than about the French. They declare, I dare say with reason, that at the beginning the French had a splendid chance to pour into Belgium and help, but that the glamour of Alsace and Lorraine was too much for them, and so they concentrated there instead.

She tells of the coming of the British shortly after:—

Winston Churchill has arrived at Antwerp and is dining with the King. There is a rumour that he says if we can hold out till Monday 25,000 British will arrive. Meanwhile 2000 infantry are now arriving—though unless artillery comes to back them they will simply be sacrificed. They are chiefly to encourage the Belgians to keep on, and cer-

tainly their arrival is having a wonderful effect, and the volatile Anversois now consider they are saved. . . . The only reinforcements which have arrived to-day are twenty-five men of the Colonial Light Horse, who have been sent up from Ostend—why, they know not—without even their rifles. The infantry has been practically sacrificed. Three thousands British casualties since Saturday. . . . I hear that some of the men in the trenches to-day, though fighting splendidly, felt a little bitterly that they were being thrown away without a chance. . . . The German artillery is wonderful.

Like Mr. Ruhl, she tells of the arrangement to spare the oldest buildings:—

The most interesting event to-day—and not without its humour—is that the German general has sent a telegram saying that if a plan of Antwerp, with its antiquities, hospitals, etc., marked on it in red, is sent him, he will endeavour to spare those places. There'll be a rush for the red spots if the Germans start shelling. But, of course, they're bound to make some mistakes getting the range. The first map got up by the civil authorities here was practically a blur of red, and General Deguise remarked he didn't think it a good time to try and joke with the Germans. Thank goodness, warned by the fate of Rheims, the Belgians have taken down the gun which they had actually mounted on the cathedral against Zeppelins. The Germans do, it is true, behave with terrible barbarity, but some of their allegations, such as being fired on by civilians, are perfectly true, and they would undoubtedly be justified in shelling the cathedral if a gun were mounted on it. . . . Mr. Gibson, the American Consul-General from Brussels, has arrived to take the plan of Antwerp to the German general.

Miss Jesse also tells of the flight of the wounded; the streets are full of them, being carried along—men without a leg or an arm, or with their noses, or even lips, shot away. It is horrible.

. . . . When I left I heard that the Stars and Stripes was to be flown over the field hospital, since the head surgeon is an American. Humanity owes much solace in this war to the fact that America is a neutral power. Miss Jesse concludes her most vivid diary in these words:—

With the fall of Antwerp the tragedy of Belgium is complete—and it is an undeserved tragedy. I have mixed with her people for many long weeks now, and I can honestly say that, though often foolish, the Belgians are extraordinarily free from vice. It has been rather a habit of mind, since the revelations of the Congo, to call the Belgians a cruel race. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is always a bad element in the people of any nation which can be

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## WAS IT WORTH TWO DREADNOUGHTS ?

Sir Edwin Pears, of Constantinople, is famous the world over for the work he did, as correspondent for *The Daily News*, when he exposed the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. Thanks to the energetic co-operation of W. T. Stead, who was at that time editor of *The Northern Echo*, England was rudely awakened to the terrible situation. The latter's pamphlet, "The Bulgarian Atrocities" galvanised Mr. Gladstone into action, and shattered as by dynamite the traditional pro-Turkish policy of England, which Mr. Disraeli was endeavouring to carry out. The Russian people moved to its depth by the story of the sufferings of their brethren could not be restrained. War was declared, and the Tsar-Liberator carried the Russian army in triumph to Stamboul. Bulgaria was freed from the horrible yoke of the Turk, although Bismarck and Disraeli between them did their best to force her under it once again. Sir Edwin has dwelt in Constantinople ever since those stirring times, and only left the Turkish capital when war was declared. Writing in *The Contemporary* before the outbreak of hostilities, he records the very bad impression caused in Turkey by Britain exercising her rights of pre-emption over the Turkish battleships which were on the very eve of delivery. Turkey wanted these great ships as a reply to the action of Greece in purchasing two battle ships from the United States. American writers by-the-way point out to Turkey, Chili and Brazil that, had they followed the example of Argentina, and ordered their battleships in the United States, it would have been better for them. Sir Edwin says:—

The act was spoken of as piracy, as a blow aimed solely at Turkey. Nothing that England has done during the last half century has irritated the Turks to anything like the same extent. It was a bully's attack on a small State. Not only was this view put forward in the Turkish newspapers, but care was taken to spread it throughout the army. In one camp of newly-collected troops I am informed by a person present that an official marched up and down, declaring that they were always to remember "England is the enemy, England is the enemy." The influence which England lost by this expression

of popular feeling in Constantinople was gained by Germany. There is now no English newspaper in this city to represent our version of events. "The Osmanische Lloyd," a German paper, which has been for years an absolutely unscrupulous enemy of England, treated its readers day after day to charges of bad faith by our country.

It is pretty clear that the taking of these two battleships helped very considerably in the growth of anti-British feeling in Turkey. Which was worth most? A neutral Turkey, or two Dreadnoughts? Probably the latter, on the principle of a bird in the hand, for it is quite possible that Turkey would in any case have been dragged in by Germany.

### A MOSLEM WARNING.

Achmed Abdullah's article in *The Forum*, "Seen Through Mohammedan Spectacles," enables the reader to understand a few of the reasons which impel Mohammedans to resist Christian teaching. Educated in England, France and Germany, the writer returns to his native land, and then "for the first time in my life I felt the ghastly meaning of the words 'Racial Prejudice'—that terrible blight which modern Christianity has forced on the world. And it chilled me to the bones, and I wondered. . . ."

There is more than a grain of truth in the rather fierce criticisms directed against the methods of Western civilisation, in which the writer includes our American brother:—

If you wish to conquer with the right of fire and the might of sword, go ahead and do so, or at least say so. It would be a motive which we Muslim, being warriors, could understand and appreciate. But do not clothe your greed for riches and dominion in the hypocritical, nasal, sing-song of a heaven-decreed Mission to enlighten the poor native, a Pharisee call of duty to spread the word of your Saviour, your lying intention to uplift the ignorant Pagan.

Drop your mask of consummate beatitude in the contemplation of the spiritual joys, the Christian, and therefore, very sanitary plumbing you are endeavouring to confer upon us. Stop being liars and hypocrites; and you will cease being what you are to-day.

And I am not exaggerating. I am really putting it mildly so as not to hurt your feelings.

I could mention a dozen instances to prove that you yourselves are forcing on the world



the coming struggle between Asia, all Asia, against Europe and America, against Christendom, in other words.

You are heaping up material for a Jihad, a Pan-Islam, a Pan-Asia Holy War, a gigantic Day of Reckoning, an invasion of a new Attila and Tamerlane . . . who will use rifles and bullets, instead of lances and spears.

You are deaf to the voice of reason and fairness, and so you must be taught with the whirling swish of the sword when it is red.

The editor of *The Forum* notes that the writer has now been called to the colours.

## CAPTURING GERMAN TRADE.

Mr. Chiozza Money M.P., has a most instructive article on "British Trade and the War" in *The Contemporary*. He gives many interesting figures, shows, for instance, that whilst Great Britain imports £88,200,000 worth of goods from Germany and Austria, she only exports £45,200,000 worth of her own goods to them. To Allied and neutral Powers she exports no less than £133,400,000, getting from them £221,000,000 worth. To countries outside Europe, and without the Empire, she exports £151,600,000, and receives from them £268,200,000. As Mr. Money points out, there is no vital economic interdependence between Great Britain and the enemy Powers. He discusses the possibility of permanently securing trade which has hitherto been in German hands.

### PIG-IRON.

As recently as 1885 the German pig-iron production was about one-half as great as our own: last year it was twice as great as our own; that points to a remarkable success in the organisation of large-scale production. Recently, the German iron and steel exports, as those of machinery, have exceeded our own; that points to a great success in the pushing of export trade. Concurrently, Germany has succeeded in establishing a number of new industries, of which the manufacture of artificial dyestuffs may be taken as a type, which are based upon sheer excellence of production; that points to the application of science to industry.

We must not lightly suppose that all, or, indeed, any of the German productions can be displaced permanently by British or other goods. It is disputable whether the German is specially inventive; it is beyond dispute that he has that sort of genius which has been defined as a capacity for taking infinite pains. The typical German invention is not so much a brilliant idea as a thing hammered out in the laboratory at the cost of a thousand progressive experiments.

### BRASS GOODS.

In addition to founding new trades, Germany has been exceedingly successful in exploiting old ones. Cutlery may be instanced as an ancient industry in which we had a

particular pride. The German exports of cutlery in 1912 were worth nearly £1,800,000, whereas those of the United Kingdom were worth about £800,000. Or take brass goods. Whereas German exports have reached about £6,500,000, those of the United Kingdom are worth about £1,700,000. As to the latter trade, we have the testimony of that most illuminating document, the recent report by three well-known Birmingham men upon the "Brassworkers of Berlin and Birmingham." Knowing the Birmingham brass trades thoroughly, they carefully inspected those of Berlin, and they came to the conclusion that the Germans have led the way in the trade through sheer merit. The Birmingham manufacturer "finds himself in difficulties" because he has not at his back the Berlin training schools producing trained assistants who can undertake work of a good class. "It is on the intellectual side," said these Birmingham inquirers, "that Birmingham requires to adapt itself to changed conditions—not to cheapening its wares, but to getting more conception into them." It is to be feared that very much the same verdict must be pronounced with regard to the glass trade. There are some kinds of glass in which the British ware is unequalled, but when it comes to producing household glass-ware which is decent and shapely as well as cheap, the German has it almost all his own way. In enamelled hollow-ware the Germans were for long allowed almost a monopoly in the British market with utensils which the housewife eagerly welcomed as superior to anything to which she had been accustomed. Recently, however, some English firms have shown that they can produce these goods as well and as cheaply as the Germans.

I have heard a number of concrete cases in which British firms have in the past month secured valuable orders which had before gone to Germany; but there is all the difference in the world between substituting our goods for German goods now, and permanently displacing the German trade. While Germany is out of the running, it is obvious that buyers at home and buyers abroad will accept substitutes which are not quite what they want. When the war is over, however, and Germany gets under way again, there will be a very different tale to tell, unless the British trader can equal or surpass the German productions. Now there are all sorts of things, from drugs to toys, and from cheap lace collars to buttons of sorts, for which the market is hungry, because the German supply has ceased, and it is astonishing to find in how many unsuspected departments of industry the German has made a big place for himself. Buyers

are eagerly searching for manufacturers who will undertake to produce substitutes. It is for the British manufacturer not only to fill the orders now, but to fill them in such fashion as to get a permanent hold in the various trades.

The scale of output would appear to have much to do with modern German success in many branches of industry. As a British ironmaster wrote me not long ago, "We have no iron works in this country turning out two thousand to three thousand tons and upwards per week, fit to compare with half-a-dozen or more that I have seen in Germany." As with iron, so with leather.

And to scientific industry and large-scale business organisation the Germans have added an extraordinary degree of pushfulness in the export market. In Switzerland they keep a record of the nationality of the foreign commercial travellers who take out licences in the country, and I notice that in a recent year 4711 German bagmen visited the country, as compared with sixty-one from the United Kingdom. In view of this curious disparity in effort, it is not surprising to find that in 1912 Switzerland imported £4,700,000 of goods from Britain, and £26,000,000 worth from Germany. Rather is it surprising that the British sales were not even smaller.

## When Christians Fight, Are They Christians?

Garet Garrett tries to answer this question in *Everybody's*, and fails. He ends by asking his readers what they think about it. "If you," he says, "implicitly believed the pure Christianity of Christ, in all its immediate beauty and eternal consequence, what would you do about war? Are war and Christianity irreconcilable?" "Christ's precepts," said one divine to whom Mr. Garrett went, "were confined to individual conduct. He did not mention nations." To which he made the obvious retort, "Then in the practice of Christianity there shall be one set of precepts for the Christian nation and another set for the Christian individual?"

Since the overthrow of the Turks by the Holy League at the famous battle of Lepanto, in 1571, which freed Christendom from the terror and menace of the Mohammedan invasion of Europe, the important wars in the world have been eighty-five in number, and when we cast up the record into contrasting columns we find that Christian has been at war with Christian forty-two times, Christian at war with non-Christian twenty-eight times, and non-Christian at war with non-Christian only fifteen times.

And that is why one might have said to

To sum up, there is no royal road in this matter of the capture of £400,000,000 worth of German and Austrian commerce. That commerce has not been built in a day, and it cannot be won in a day. It is true, however, that the opportunity which offers is as important to the nation as it is unique, and that there is every hope that, amongst other things, this war will have a most excellent effect upon British economy and British enterprise. As to the length of the opportunity, I cannot conceive how the collapse of her economy can enable Germany to endure in this war for long but, however that may be, it will be long before she completely recovers from the trouble she has brought upon herself. The British trader, therefore, who desires to take a hand in a most interesting and important game may confidently count upon several years of freedom from German competition in which to prosecute fruitful experiment.

St. Peter that after nearly two thousand years of Christianity, the Christian would be more warlike than the pagan.

As you go backward through history it swings the other way, the pagan and non-Christian fighting more and the Christian less. But, of course, if you keep going back you come to the beginning of Christianity itself, which was to bring peace on earth, and nothing is proved save that it has failed to do so.

Mr. Garrett rightly points out though, that these wars are, in spite of Christianity, not because of it.

With the rise of Western civilisation, which is fundamentally Christian, war has continued, never on account of Christianity, the terrible religious wars in contradiction notwithstanding, but in spite of it. That during the last few hundred years non-Christians have been at war with each other less than Christian with Christian is no basis for comparing Christianity unfavourably with pagan or other forms of non-Christian faith, but merely evidence that Western civilisation has been more active than the older forms, and that people professing Christianity without being able to practise it have lately dominated the world.

What a commentary upon errant man, who can think with the angels and behave like a beast, that during nearly two thousand years there is no instance of his having collectively practised pure Christianity, though believing it to be the most beautiful thing he has ever possessed—his one priceless treasure!



## “COME OVER AND HELP US!”

The most striking feature of Dr. Dillon's "Retrospect and Prospect," appearing in *The Contemporary Review*, is his suggestion that Japan should be asked to send an army to the West:—

The British Empire has an army in the making. It will be ready some time in the first half of the coming year. But the million men that we shall then put into the field will be of much less relative value than five hundred thousand sent to the fighting line to-day. Events are moving fast. The situation is changing continually. Much of what is now happening can be remedied later, but some events are irremediable. Speed, therefore, is almost as valuable to us as it is to our foes. It behoves us to do to-day what we should not hesitate to attempt if we were very hard set six or eight months hence, whether this be the transformation of the Government into a Committee of National Safety or an arrangement which would secure for us the valuable co-operation of our Japanese allies here in Europe, or both. It has been frequently said that we have no real need of men, that there are millions throughout the Empire eager to join the colours. Happily this is true. But this splendid fighting force is not available at once. The men lack arms, ammunition, equipment, and have not yet been sufficiently trained. Now the causes that make it impossible for them to take the field at once are inoperative in Japan. I possess no first-hand knowledge as to how the Tokyo Government would respond to a request of this nature, but I have been assured by some whose opinion carries weight that the project is workable. It will hardly be gainsaid that five hundred thousand thoroughly trained Japanese soldiers would turn

the scale at the present conjuncture. It seems equally true that no hesitation should be felt about inviting them over, provided that the scheme is feasible. If these assumptions be correct, the sooner negotiations on the subject are opened the better.

The same idea animates En Vedette, who thinks that the time has now arrived when we should extract "The Full Value of the Japanese Alliance."

This article, which appears in *The Fortnightly Review*, deserves careful reading—the writer takes a serious view of the position:—

Take whichever view one likes, let the position of affairs be what it may in December, the arrival of 250,000 Japanese troops in Europe in that month must not only be conducive to the Allies' success and the shortening of the war, but it may provide the one safeguard left to avert misfortune.

In such a situation as the present prompt decisions are required. The forces to be brought to bear upon Germany for the baffling of her scheme to attain universal power by smashing her rivals cannot be too many or too powerful. There are many neutral Powers still looking on who ought to throw themselves into the fray, for their fate, too, lies in the cauldron that Germany has stirred up, but they have none of them, with the exception of Italy, any great military resources. But Japan is not only a first-class military State, she is also a belligerent. There is nothing would give her soldiers greater satisfaction than to cross bayonets with the detestable Germans, and the only obstacle in the way of realising their desire is the reluctance of the British Government to invite them to join in.

## GERMANY AND HER COLONIES.

Sir Harry Johnston knows more about the proper way of governing colonies in which there are native races than any other living man. He has done it himself with conspicuous ability all over Africa. He discusses the future of the German colonies in *The Edinburgh Review*. He considers that the Germans have not ruled badly, and is broadminded enough to say so:—

What account has Germany to give of her stewardship, of her thirty years as a Colonial Power? On the whole a good one. International Science has been greatly the gainer by the presence of Germany as a ruler or administrator in Africa, Oceania, China, and the Turkish Empire. Look at the magnificently furnished German museums of ethnology and natural history; consider the German contributions to

philology, to the study of tropical diseases, to economic botany, chemistry, palaeontology, history, and archaeology. Germany has effectively abolished the deeply-rooted slave-trade in East Africa and in the Kamerun hinterland. Her treatment of the native races in some parts of Africa has been harsh, but on the whole—when unprejudiced truth is told—the natives are better in the long run for the incoming of the German.

Unless the omens lie, there will be a redistribution of Germany's colonial possessions, and Sir Harry claims that the Powers, profiting by this reallotment, must "establish no differential treatment for commerce, that trade and industry in those regions shall once again be as open to German enterprise as to that of the subjects of Great Bri-

tain, Russia, Belgium, or France." This measure of international good-will towards a vanquished foe will tend to ultimate world-peace:—

In that way and along these lines the nations whom Germany has wronged can safely concede to her "a place in the sun," and permit her to recover from the frightful damage which she too has suffered through the insensate ambition, the cruelty and the duplicity of the Prussian dynasty. Before long it is to be hoped that the Hohenzollerns may cease to be the ruling house in the German Empire. Rid of them and of Prussian Junkerdom, Germany will be able to recover from her war wounds and her money losses. No longer suspected or dreaded as the preparers of sudden invasions, "frightful examples," treaty repudia-

tions and "holy wars," Germans will be welcomed everywhere for their innate abilities, their commercial aptitude, their scientific acumen. Fortunate will be the European nation (once they are deprussianised) that can attract them in large numbers as colonists, as instructors in many arts and crafts, or as traders and mariners. Germany will play as important a part as ever in the development of the world, but it will be as a collaborator with the other peoples of Europe, Asia, and Africa; not as their despot and taskmaster.

Sir Harry's article should be carefully read and digested by all who may have something to say in our future government of the Pacific Islands.

## BRITAIN'S DUTY TO BELGIUM.

Do we realise the formidable task of subduing the might of German Militarism? Demetrius C. Boulger, in *The British Review*, is strongly of opinion that we do not. His words may cause resentment, but it is well to hear both sides:—

At this moment there is a very general feeling among Belgians that England has proved herself a broken reed to lean on. The time has come when she must throw herself into the struggle in real earnest, and the best way of beginning to show this is by assuming the chief responsibility for rallying the remaining Belgian forces in a great patriotic movement, and by accepting all the charges that such an organisation must entail. As this movement will require time to bring it to completion there should be no delay in commencing the necessary proceedings.

These statements are introduced for the purpose of showing that the deliverance of Belgium will not be a mere promenade. Many writers have pinned their faith to Russia, and asserted that she was going to do the impossible and effect a miracle, Russia has done extremely well, and eventually her legions will deal the smashing blow that will bring the Hohenzollerns to the dust, but she is not the "deus ex machina" that some people expected her to prove in order to save this country putting forth an extreme effort, and accepting immense sacrifices. If Russia is ready to advance on Berlin next May she will have done all she could reasonably be expected to do; and in the meantime we shall have to quit ourselves like men in the western theatre of war. It is our duty, not that of Russia, to deliver Belgium.

Dealing with the same matter in *The Contemporary Review*, Dr. Dillon asks:—

Why did Antwerp fall when and as it did? The official answer is that it fell because

we could not spare the men who might have held it. Whatever number of troops would have sufficed to keep the city a month ago, twice or thrice that number may prove inadequate to retake it a month hence when the Germans have fortified it. And so with every other operation throughout the first stage of the campaign. Time is incontrovertibly on our side, but then it is by far the most costly of our allies.

After referring to Germany's unshaken optimism, Dr. Dillon compares this with our own feeling of faith in the issue of the contest:—

But faith without adequate works is barren in war. And superhuman efforts are called for in this war against Germany. We must mould our own fortune, bend it forcibly to success, and wrestle with Fate itself. Optimism is admirable as a mood; it is pernicious as a directive. Recent experience has taught us this lesson, and we are paying heavily for it now. Before the war the leaders of the nation indulged in superabundant optimism. They had reason to know that it would fall to us to enforce respect for Belgian neutrality if it were violated, but they failed to realise the weight of the obligation and the nature of its corollary; Hence no preparations were made for the emergency, because our optimists were convinced that neither Germany nor France would break her plighted word. And when the crime was committed we were unable to save the victim. We have applauded Belgium's heroism, made her quarrel our own, undertaken to deliver her from the Prussian bully, and promised to see that her material losses are made good—as soon as the fortune of war has favoured us decisively.

That is as it should be. It is a debt of national honour, and we shall pay it in full. But would it not have been better to have been less optimistic and more cautious? Would not entire prevention have been preferable to partial cure?



## LEGALISED DUM-DUMS.

According to an article in *The Medical Record* (New York), dum-dum bullets are not used by either army now in the field, but in their place there is a legitimate substitute that is just as bad. So long ago as last May *The Record* prophesied that "there would be a return to inhumanity in the next war because of the use of the spitz bullet recently introduced by Germany and adopted by several other armies, that of Great Britain and the United States among them." Of this deadly missile it says:—

This bullet is quite short, of conical shape, and tapers so gradually that the centre of gravity is thrown back near the base; consequently, in spite of its great initial velocity and flat projectory, it has a tendency to turn sideways upon meeting any obstacle, although it will go through the soft parts, making a small, clean-cut channel, and do little or no injury unless it hits a vital organ.

In the article on "Gunshot Wounds" in the fourth volume of the "Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences," Colonel La Garde says of this bullet "The least resistance upsets it, and in turning at great velocity the wounds it inflicts are very much lacerated and otherwise attended with destructive effects which are not unlike the wounds inflicted by dum-dum bullets. For this reason the new pointed bullet is a great

disappointment to military surgeons. In experiments which we conducted two years ago we found the resistance encountered in the hip-joint, chest, and abdomen of cadavers sufficient to cause the bullet to turn, and the resulting wounds were like those of an expanding or metal-patch bullet."

Colonel Roosevelt, in his "African Game Trails," refers to the wounds of the pointed bullet as having a slashing effect against large game. At 280 and again at 180 yards he brought down two bulls each with one shot, the bullet making "a terrific rending compared with the heavier ordinary-shaped bullet of the same composition."

In all probability these spitz-bullet wounds have been mistaken for the explosive lesions of the dum-dum bullets, and the accusation of the German Emperor was therefore made in good faith, but in curious ignorance of the effects of the missiles used by his own Army. Nevertheless the dum-dum or a similar bullet, has been occasionally used in this war, but by civilians. East Prussia, for instance, is a game-country, and the hunters there use the dum-dum type of bullet in the chase. The Russian invaders of that country have been frequently attacked by "snipers," who used their hunting rifles loaded with dum-dums. It is possible that the civilian hunters in Eastern France did the same, and so an occasional dum-dum may have been found in the bodies of the German wounded, but that the armies of any of the nations now at war are using this bullet is altogether impossible. They have no occasion to use it, for the spitz bullet is almost as destructive and its employment is just as brutal.

## PAYING THE PIPER.

To the layman the intricacies of finance are beyond understanding; but in a time of crisis, when foolish people even doubted the sanctity of Bank of England notes, it is essential that the A.B.C. of the mysteries of the money market should be revealed. This duty is admirably discharged by a writer in *The Round Table*, who is most painstaking in his demonstration of the miracles wrought by credit in maintaining the world's commerce. The following extracts give the writer's summary:

If we estimate roughly that 14,000,000 men are under arms, that one man can produce £100 of wealth in a year, we have at once a direct loss of £1,400,000,000, apart altogether from any indirect loss due to the dislocation of trade and finance and the enormous number of men thrown out of work indirectly by the war.

Let no country suppose that it is going to escape the effects of this great cataclysm. The United States, it is true, may capture a great deal of trade formerly done by continental Europe. England may do the same, and, to the extent that she can do so, it will undoubtedly reduce the evil consequences upon her of the war. But no country grows rich on the poverty of other nations. It is possible that after the war there will be a short period of great activity in making good the actual necessities of industry and of civilised life. But the purchasing power of the world will have been very sensibly diminished, and it cannot be long before the enormous loss of capital will make itself felt. There is then likely to be a prolonged period of very great depression.

There is only one way by which the wealth of the world will be quickly replaced after the war, and that is by work. It will be absolutely necessary that the productive capacity of the individual should increase very much compared to his capacity during the last ten years, during which it has undoubtedly been on the decline. The country

whose workers show the greatest capacity for productiveness will be the country which will most rapidly recuperate.

Even now all countries, especially new countries, will have to change their mode of living. Take Canada as an example. Canada's annual balance of trade is probably about £60,000,000 against her: £30,000,000 being the excess of her trade imports over her trade exports and the remaining £30,000,000 representing her annual payment on money borrowed. She has balanced her account hitherto by borrowing very large sums of money. Now she will be unable to do that any longer. Nor will she at present, at any rate, obtain the immigrants on which

she is counting to enable her to pay her interest. She cannot redeem the balance due by the export of gold. The burden would be too great in any case, and moreover she has suspended specie payments. A part of the balance due may be covered by the higher value of her exports, such as wheat. The remainder she can only meet either by increasing her exports or by reducing her imports. The latter she has already begun to do. Obviously therefore Canada and other new countries in the same position must readjust themselves to the new conditions. Until the effects of the war have passed and capital is again abundant, their progress cannot but be slower than of late years.

## THE WAR FORETOLD.

Herbert Thurston contributes an article in *The Month* to a critical consideration of "War Prognostics and Prophecies," and amongst other stories gives attention to the truly wonderful screed which has been copied by the British Press from French sources. This document, purporting to proceed from one Johannes, concerns one "Antichrist," who may be readily identified, by the credulous, as none other than H.I.M. the Kaiser. The writer pours considerable scorn on the whole affair, and we extract a few comments:—

The conviction that the whole is an egregious imposture, founded at best upon no more than a few scraps of such apocalyptic utterances as those of Holzhauser or some similar mystic, must be my excuse for refusing to quote in extenso another two pages of this rubbish. The substance in brief amounts to this—that the black eagle would in his first onset have crushed the cock "had it not been for the help of the leopard and his claws"; but then the white eagle coming from the north compels the black eagle to loose his hold. The cock in consequence is liberated, and pursues the black eagle into his own country. Terrible slaughter ensues, in which rivers are crossed over the bodies of the slain. The Antichrist asks for peace, but it is refused, and the last battle "which will take place where the Antichrist forges his arms will not be in any way a human fight." In the end the Antichrist will lose his crown and die insane and forsaken. His empire will be divided into twenty-two States. The white eagle will drive the Crescent from Europe and establish himself at Constantinople. I must not forget to add the significant detail that throughout the war "red will be the Heavens, the Earth, the Waters, and even the Air, for blood will flow in the domains of the four elements at once." This is a new enumeration of the four elements—but let that pass.

On reading this document it seems almost incredible that it can ever have been considered in any other light than that of a hoax of a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. But many persons regard it seriously, and among them not only simple-hearted nuns and pious women who would consider a forgery in these matters as little better than a sacrilege, but also enthusiasts of a much more robust mentality. Its fraudulent character, to my thinking, cannot for a moment be in doubt, though it may have been fabricated to deride rather than to mislead.

### THE YEAR OF FATE.

From *Brotherhood* we extract the following:—

Joanna Southcott that curious mixture of genuine clairvoyance and prevision subsequently verified, with what was evidently fanaticism and hallucination, who died just a century ago—predicted that 1914 should be the year of fate ending the old-world order and ushering in the Kingdom of Christ. She prophesied also that the last King of England would be named George, and that he would yield up his kingdom to God.

Whether she was correct or deceived as to the rest, it certainly looks at present as if 1914 were really going to be a most critical year for the British Empire and for the whole world. The collapse of the British Monarchy seems very unlikely. All through the reign of good Queen Victoria, and ever since, there has been no advance of republican sentiment; in fact, the throne is becoming more and more a popular institution. But, if a social revolution in Germany should follow the defeat of that nation in war, if thereby the German Emperor vanishes, and social democracy reigns in its stead, if the Austro-Hungarian Empire breaks up into various segments, each



declining to accept a king, and insisting upon making a fresh start on republican lines, the voluntary resignation of monarchs, or their transmutation into presidents of republics, would possibly become quite the fashion in the courts of Europe. On the lines of a constitutional monarchy, the role

of a king must be deadly dull. It is quite conceivable that by the time our Prince of Wales has his opportunity to ascend a throne, he may prefer to make history by leading towards a federation of European co-operative democracies. Anyhow, we are on the verge of great changes.

## A FORGOTTEN BENEFACTOR.

"The Red Cross" is humanity's feeble attempt to patch up one of the worst follies of mankind; all honour to the man who organised help for the sick and wounded stricken on the battlefield! The full story is to be found in Henry C. Shelley's article in *The Edinburgh Review*, from which we quote the following:—

Whence came the inspiration which created this beneficial auxiliary? From a Swiss philanthropist named Henry Dunant. "I wish," said Mr. Gladstone, "some one of the thousand who in prose justly celebrate Miss Nightingale would say a single word for the man of 'routine,' who devised and projected her going—Sidney Herbert." The same observation might be made on behalf of M. Dunant. Although his work has been more potent for good than that of Miss Nightingale, and of a more world-wide influence, his name may be sought in vain in encyclopædias or biographical dictionaries. It is familiar, of course, to those versed in Red Cross history, but utterly unknown to "the man in the street." Yet it was through his efforts that, in 1864, Europe was "covered as it by enchantment, with a network of committees for the relief of wounded soldiers." He was, in fact, the true and only begetter of the Red Cross movement.

An accident started the chain of circumstances by which M. Dunant achieved that enviable renown. It so happened that in the early summer of 1859 he left his native Switzerland for a pleasure tour in northern Italy, and that on the June day on which the battle of Solferino was fought he was in the vicinity of that sanguinary conflict. Unlike the ordinary tourist, M. Dunant did not make a hasty flight from that scene of carnage; on the contrary, his benevolent instincts prompted him to explore the battlefield in the hope of rendering Samaritan service. There was ample scope for such aid as he could give. More than 20,000 wounded were in dire need of succour, and notwithstanding the efficiency of the French medical service, many days elapsed before they received even the most elementary attention. Solferino, in fact, was one of those occasions of "great pressure" when an army ambulance organisation becomes hopelessly inadequate.

That unexpected experience of the havoc of war made an ineffaceable impression on M. Dunant. He remained at Solferino as long as he could be of any assistance, wandering far and wide over the battlefield to gather in the wounded, and then passing

from one improvised hospital to another to tend their bed-sides; but when at last he returned to his native Geneva he carried with him the memory of such poignant suffering as left him no peace until he had written "Un Souvenir de Solferino."

This was the beginning of one of the noblest organisations which is directed by the citizens of all countries towards repairing some of the unspeakable blunders of statesmen.

### THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFIT.

The effect of war upon the race is the subject of a valuable paper in *The Eugenic Review*. Under modern conditions war is dysgenic. The best do not survive. The youngest and bravest diminish in numbers. The fittest race survives the struggle certainly, but is likely to be so damaged as to be thrown back many stages in the course of development. The British Empire, with an army on a voluntary basis, must suffer racially more than other nations. The battle death-rate will reduce the number of males—our volunteers are drawn from mentally and physically superior types—amongst the class from which it is most desirable that we should produce the stock of the future. With a view to minimising the disastrous evils, the writer suggests certain definite action:

1. By increasing the birth-rate of the depleted class, and by taking every precaution that the greatest possible percentage of births in this class reach maturity.

2. With these objects in view, all who wish to marry before leaving the country should be encouraged to do so, the fullest security being given that every wife shall be well cared for and properly looked after in the husband's absence.

3. The wives and children of those who have gone to the front should be well cared for and encouraged to maintain the advantage already gained in the struggle for existence.

4. Every possible means should be taken to prevent the economic disturbance caused by the war proving disastrous to those who, by reason of age or other cause, have been unable to go on active service.

## ITALY AS MEDIATOR.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* George B. McClellan describes "Italy's Position" in a series of chapters which present the economic, political and social reasons for her neutrality. Italy seems to be in the enviable position of the man who is able to insist "Heads I win, tails you lose":—

None of the belligerents wants her sword thrown in the scale against it, while all know that, failing her active support, her neutrality is of vital importance. She is in the delightful position of being feared and courted by all, with nothing to lose and everything to gain by her neutrality.

So long as the war lasts Italy must necessarily be one of the chief sources of supply for both sides, as her ports are open, and her shipping, so much as there is of it, is free to carry freight and passengers to and from all parts of the world. Her manufactures, her commerce, and her agriculture will be greatly stimulated, and, should hostilities last for any time, will receive an impetus which will endure afterwards. No matter who wins she must profit, for she is like a broker in an active market, who makes his commissions no matter whether prices rise or fall.

Should Germany and Austria conquer, on the dismemberment of France which will follow conquest, Italy will probably fall heir to Nice and Savoy, taken from her by Napo-

leon III. over half a century ago, as the price of his friendship in her quarrel with Austria: not that Germany loves Italy, but because, in dismembering France, it will be necessary to take Nice and Savoy from her, and Italy is the only Power to whom they can be given. Whereas, if Germany and Austria lose, the Trentino and Trieste with the control of the Adriatic, and possibly Albania, will very naturally be the payment for Italian neutrality.

Apart from the material gain to Italy the writer indicates that there may be a moral gain to the belligerents themselves:—

In proclaiming neutrality, the Salandra Ministry strictly adhered to the letter and the spirit of the Triple Alliance. To have fought with Germany and Austria would have been quixotic; to have fought against them would have been wrong. Neutrality was, in every way, not only the best policy that Italy could have followed, but, as we have seen, it was probably the only course open to the Government at the time.

There is, moreover, in Italian neutrality a moral advantage to the world at large that ought not to be ignored. If it is strictly maintained, when the proper time comes she will be able to offer her services as mediator to both sides, with more prospect of success than any other neutral could possibly have.

## FORMIDABLE GERMANY.

There is no nonsense about Austin Harrison, and he renders a distinct service in *The English Review* by exposing the folly of those who venture to think that Germany lies prostrate before the world.

The German advance on Paris was an astonishing feat. That the German war machine is terribly efficient we can admit all the more confidently that we realise not only how imperative for civilisation it is to crush it, but how absolutely sure we are of being able to bring about this consummation. This result can only be effected by prodigious sacrifice and endeavour. The Allied Armies are fighting the most powerful enemy that ever took the field of battle, a nation trained for war who have thought out the present contest to the minutest detail, a people who will go down fighting. Against the military organisation and spirit of Germany all idea of a speedy victory must be put aside. The war that has broken out is in its primitive instincts a racial movement, as in all its moral and philosophic motives it is a nation's struggle for supremacy, for historic life and being. It is thus a Civil War, in the sense of a civilisation which, as the result of decades of

careful preparation, has deliberately set out to beat down and impose itself upon another civilisation according to the laws which govern the fittest. Such a contest must be fought out with the desperation and ferocity peculiar to all Civil War. . . . If there is any Englishman to-day who expects that on the termination of the war Briton and German will shake hands and forget, he must be indeed a pretty simpleton. The Germans will not forget. We, on our side, must remember that to render powerless a nation of sixty-eight millions, not to speak of the Austrians, is a task never before attempted in war. That is the situation. To refuse to face it is folly. From now onwards the Germans and the British face one another as implacable foes fighting for their respective existences. In the struggle either we go down or the Germans. There will be no golden mean. We are the enemy the Germans seek to destroy. Either they succeed or we as ruthlessly destroy them. . . . Ink pot jibes at the Germans won't help anybody. We are fighting the most scientifically equipped army ever seen in war. We are fighting the largest and most redoubtable foe in all history, and every Englishman ought to know it. We are fighting the applied military brains of five decades. All the more honour to us when we beat them.



## RANDOM READINGS.

## IF YOU WERE A CHINAMAN!

A new monthly, edited by two Chinamen, *The Chinese Review*, has been started in London, to "counteract to some extent the attitude of bigotry and prejudice exhibited almost daily in the West against everything Chinese." One of the editors, Mr. J. Wong-Quincey, invites his English-speaking readers to put themselves in the place of the Chinese for a moment and consider, for example, matters like this:—

In the year of grace 1912 the honourable and high-minded promoters of the Anglo-Japanese Exhibition decided to add a touch of Chinese colour to the great display at Shepherd's Bush. A scheme was forthwith proposed, and widely advertised in the press, to install a typical opium den within the exhibition grounds, and attempts were made to hire Chinese sailors from the East End to play the part of opium sots and exhibit to the West, in realistic details, all the disgusting particulars associated with opium smoking.

Suppose the tables be turned. Imagine the promoters of a Chinese exhibition proposing to represent Great Britain by setting up the model of a low-class public house, and engaging Britishers to act the role of besotted drunkards. In place of the mild protest raised by the Chinese students Great Britain would probably have sent a fleet of warships to demand reparation for the national insult.

In the whole range of China's past and present, asks this Chinese editor, is there nothing worthy of notice and representation except an opium den?

One looks in vain in Western newspapers for reports of progress and of incidents illustrating the higher and better traits of Chinese character; but the ravages of a White Wolf or the details of a political murder are immediately boomed with an energy worthy of a better cause. And the dismal pessimist, ignoring all the wonderful progress made in China during the last fifty years in the face of untold difficulties, chants his funereal lay with a gusto and vehemence which tempt us to conclude that he must be paid to do it.

The editor discusses the attitude of the Chinese towards Christianity and the profound and organic difference in the modes of thought which characterise the East and the West. "The East limits its ideal to the attainment of the practical good; the West sets out to fathom the unfathomable":—

In the China of more recent times the same vivid contrast is discernible. One looks in vain for a Thomas Carlyle or a William Wordsworth; nor can the ecstasies of the modern mystic find any affinity in Chinese thought. There is no unspeakable agony, no mortal strife between faith and unbelief; and it is highly doubtful whether such states of mind can be made so much as intelligible to the Eastern understanding.

The Chinese of to-day pursues his even course with equanimity as he has done for ages past, and is less perturbed by questions of faith and delicate casuistry than the Sage (Confucius) who had determined for him, irrevocably it may seem, his "summum bonum." His needs are few and his ambitions attainable with ordinary effort. "To see God" and "to be persecuted falsely and yet rejoice" are beatitudes after which he entertains no aspiration. If he is literary he may hope for honour, for state employment and for power to rule. For the rest he is content to live in easy affluence without undue luxury or extravagance.

The lower classes are permeated with the same atmosphere of imperturbable contentment. In spite of economic pressure, of the many uncertainties of life in a frequently disorganised state, living is cheap and easy; and the Chinese peasant is no less remarkable for his simplicity of life as for his philosophical calm in adversity, and for the elasticity with which he recovers from disaster.

## CHINA'S ARMY.

Writing in *The Mid-Pacific Magazine*, Mr. Frederick Moore thus describes the Chinese Army:—

The armies of China are said to number all told between 500,000 and 600,000 men; but most of these soldiers are entirely ineffective except for suppressing risings of unarmed people. The provincial organisations are not to be taken into account for any serious campaign. They are little more than armed as compared with unarmed men, and the weapons are in most cases obsolete and ill-kept.

There are, however, over 160,000 effective men, trained and armed with modern rifles and rapid firing artillery. These troops, unlike the others, are schooled in the modern methods of warfare; many of them are able to read and write a little, and they are officered by men who have been to military colleges abroad, or to those in China where foreign instructors are employed.

Military attaches in Peking will generally say that they doubt the cap-

ability of these modern troops in action. The defects of the race, of which lack of initiative is not the least, will appear, they think, when the army is under fire. Nevertheless, they all agree that the model divisions go through the manual of arms with precision equal to, if not generally better, than European armies. It is said by some that even the highly-trained German soldiers would be hard pressed to change positions in closer uniformity.

#### THE FUTURISTS.

Whatever else the Futurists may or may not be doing, they at least succeed in getting themselves written about. Their exploits in painting have lately been the subject of innumerable articles in the magazines, and now no less a person than Mr. Newbolt discusses Futurist Poetry more or less gravely in *The Fortnightly Review*. He gives the Futurists credit for their endeavours to encourage freedom and independence of expression, but he points out that their true medium is not poetry; the power of the Futurist is not poetical but histrionic, or rather gramphonic. A confused, formless clash of words may leap into life as poetry when declaimed; but on paper without the vivifying influence of acting and declamation it is a dead thing and almost wholly unintelligible. By way of proving that a composition of this kind will not produce either the creative or emotional effect of poetry, Mr. Newbolt himself essays a flight into Futurism. He writes:—

So far as I have been able to understand the new system, this is how Keats, if he had been a Futurist, would have used the experience of a certain summer morning in a garden in Hampstead. The title I am doubtful about, for he certainly would not have used so traditional a word as Ode or so abstract a word as Reflection. Perhaps he might have called it:—

#### Bi-Planing.

#### Nightingale plus Misery.

1. Heart-ache numbness pain equals opiate envy plus happiness jug-jug-bubble-bubble beech-trees summer shadows.

2. Drink coolness wine equals Flora country-dance song mirth vintage bubbles blushes beads brim.

3. To drink equals fade away dissolve forget minus fever fret palsy age pallor youth spectre sorrow despair Love Beauty to-morrow.

4. Away! Poesy jug-jug-bubble-bubble night moon darkness breezes moss.

5. Flowers darkness half a dozen smells hawthorn eglantine violets muskrose murmur of flies.

6. Death equals ease plus richness plus jug-jug-bubble-bubble, equals ecstasy deafness, requiem sod.

7. Bird minus death, same old jug-jug-jug Antiquity Emperor Clown Ruth tears windows foam fairy-land forlornness.

8. Forlornness equals bell all alone again good-bye jug-jug-bubble-bubble meadows hillside valley going gone vision dream waking sleeping Query.

Let no one imagine that I have made this little experiment as a "reductio ad absurdum" of Futurism. It is an honest attempt to contrast two kinds of work, and it gives away this immense advantage to the newer invention, that the original vertebrate structure of the Ode to a Nightingale is already well known, so that this heap of disarticulated bones has more than its fair chance of conveying a meaning.

#### HOW ITALIANS FARE IN ARGENTINA.

The prominent part played by the Italian emigration in the growth and development of the Argentine Republic is clearly and effectively brought out by Signor Libero Maioli, in his article in *The Rassegna Internazionale*. The writer's chief interest in this connection is the conservation and extension of Italy's influence rendered possible by this.

In all, about 2,800,000 Italians are said to have emigrated to Argentina, and of this number 1,800,000 took up their abode permanently in that land. From his Italian viewpoint Signor Maioli expresses lively regret in regard to the prevailing attitude of the Italian colonists toward the mother-country, although this is possibly more complacently looked upon by the Argentinians themselves. Of this he says:

Do the children born of Italian parents in Argentina love Italy? Frankly, we must answer, no; on the contrary they nourish a secret hatred against the parent country that makes them its adversaries, and this collective tendency provides food for study. The sentiment has its roots in the humble origin of their families; in the recitals of the sufferings endured by their parents; in the knowledge that they had been forced to emigrate, heaping curses upon their cruel stepmother, and wishing to forget the days of misery and privation through which they had passed in their native land. If to this we add the pride instilled into the younger generation by the changed conditions, and



the prevalent ignorance, the origin of the sentiment is easily explained.

The writer recognises that the Italian emigration to South America is of a much more permanent character than is that to North America, and he cites the fact that the largest money remittances to the mother country come from the latter region as to a certain extent both a proof and a result of this. Hence in his opinion it is all the more necessary to maintain and assert, within proper limits, the influence of Italy over her sons in Argentina and Brazil. The most potent agency in this direction would be a revival of interest in the home country among those Italian emigrants and their children born on foreign soil.

#### A KITCHENER STORY.

As everyone knows, Kitchener is a great organiser, and as an administrator too he has achieved marvellous success. He is hardly so fine a tactician as other generals now in the field, but he is pre-eminently fitted for the post he now occupies. There are endless stories about his methods. Here is one from *Blackwood's Magazine*. It has the merit of being true:

The General was pacing up and down with his hands on his hips and elbows pointing backwards, talking good-naturedly to a Colonel who was evidently just off "trek," and with his over-grown gait and ponderous step the great Kitchener did not look half so imposing as his travel-stained companion.

The Chief was explaining something to the Colonel. They paced up and down together for a few minutes, then stopped, and the conversation was as follows:—

Chief: "All right; I will soon find you a staff. Let me see—you have a Brigade-Major?"

Colonel: "Yes; but he is at Hanover Road!"

Chief: "That's all right; you will collect him in good time. You want a chief for your staff? Here, you (and he beckoned a Colonel in palpably just-out-from-England kit who was standing by), what are you doing here? You will be the chief of the Staff to the new cavalry brigade!"

New Colonel: "But, sir—"

Chief: "That's all right. (Reverting to his original attitude). Now you want transport and supply officers? See that depot over there? (nodding his head towards the De Aar Supply Depot). Go and collect them

there—quote me as your authority. There, you are fitted up; you can round up part of your brigade to-night and be off at day-break to-morrow. Wait; you will want an intelligence officer. (Here he swung round and singled out a bedraggled officer.) What are you doing here?"

Officer: "Trying to rejoin, sir."

Chief: "You'll do. You are intelligence officer to the new cavalry brigade. Here's your brigadier; you will take orders from him. (Turning again to the Colonel, and holding out his hand)—There you are; you are fitted out. Mind you move out of Richmond Road to-morrow morning without fail. Good-bye!"

And so a brigade came into being!


#### VON MOLTKE.

In connection with a paragraph in our last month's issue, which attributes to General von Moltke, erstwhile Chief of the German General Staff, an adherence to Christian Science, Mr. David Anderson (Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of Victoria) sends us the following:—

There are two branches of the von Moltke family in Prussia. In one branch of this family, the title of "count" or "countess" has been held for many generations. At present this title is held by Countess Fanny von Moltke, of Berlin, who is a Christian Science practitioner, and an office-bearer in First Church of Christ, Scientist, in that capital.

The late Field Marshal von Moltke, who was created "count" for his services in the Franco-Prussian war, was a member of the other branch of the von Moltke family. The present holder of the title which was conferred on him is Count Helmuth von Moltke, who resides upon his estates near Breslau in Silesia. He and his wife, Countess Dorothy von Moltke, are active Christian Scientists.

General von Moltke, who was until lately Chief of the German General Staff, is an uncle of this count, and bears the same name—Helmuth von Moltke—and another uncle is Prussian Minister of the Interior. Neither of them is a Christian Scientist, nor has either of them shown any special interest in that subject.



## CORRESPONDANCE MILITAIRE

ADDRESS

M

Nom & Adresse de l'Expéditeur

<p><b>INDICATIONS</b> à porter dans l'adresse</p> <p>Régiment Bataillon Escadron Compagnie Batterie Section</p> <p>Etat Major Quartier général Service</p>	<p><b>NOTA</b> Pour la destination, consulter l'affiche apposée dans les bureaux de Poste et dans les Mairies.</p>
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THE OFFICIAL POSTCARD ISSUED TO THOSE WHO WISH TO WRITE TO MEN AT THE FRONT.

## THE WOMEN OF PARIS.

BY LUCY BELLEW.

Half the world knows the Parisienne only as she is represented by the modern author and the modern playwright. She is seen as some brilliant butterfly, content to flutter her exquisite wings against the great arc light of pleasure. They present her also in the unfavourable role of the indifferent wife and still more indifferent mother, clever, brilliant, gay, floating in an atmosphere of art, music, laughter, and sweet perfume; content to drift down life's fair stream, heedless of its shoals, its treacherous currents, and unmindful of the gathering storm. But this picture, if ever true, has been effaced, blotted out for ever, and the Parisienne of to-day is a very different being to what her critics would have us believe she was. As we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing, so sorrow seems to bring forth all that is noble and great in the modern woman. Clever and brilliant she will always remain, but the cloak of frivolity that has been

draped so cleverly round her has fallen from the slender shoulders. It has been replaced by the cap of the nursing sister, and the delicate hands are ringless, as they bind the wounds of some poor haggard-eyed scarecrow from the trenches.

Death is all around her, and, like a snake with glistening eyes and head up-reared, menaces her from every side. Still she does not falter; often weary and with limbs that trail heavy as lead, she goes about her self-imposed task with a total absence of fear. She is a stranger to weakness of any kind; so calm, so proud, so patient, that she seems to breathe forth the very essence of love.

In France, where the ghosts of '70-'71 have not ceased to walk o' nights, women are giving ungrudgingly the last measure of devotion; they shrink from no sacrifice; they come forward in this time of stress, to offer new strength, new pledges, and deem no hardship



too great to ensure fulfilment of the long-cherished dream of victory, security and peace. Though daily and hourly all they hold dear is pitilessly torn from them and flung into a hell of butchery and flame, they do not quail, these brave women. The spirit of self-abnegation is in the air, it flies with outstretched wings on every breeze, and they realise to the full that they are living, whilst many are dying in strange, wonderful, terrible, days. Savages are showing them what deeds can produce. They must answer with deeds, but with, oh! what a difference! They see the annihilation of cities, the rape of women, the slaughter of babes, and the utter desolation of it all.

The world is learning the lesson that is enforced with cannon, and it is the women who know the whole cost of it, who are paying and will continue to pay, "even unto the second generation." They see husbands, fathers, brothers, not dead in the fulness of time, but mown down like the grass, killed in the flower of their manhood by wanton violence, with the whole purpose of their lives incomplete and unrenowable. They see them lying in strange places, unconfined, broken bits of life-stuff shattered from all semblance of humanity, by machines that must be fed with the food "they travail for, pray for, and losing, break their hearts." As Catherine Douglas (Kate Barlass), of historic fame, barred with her frail arm the great door through which fierce soldiers tried to break, so do the women of Paris to-day, force back with their white arms the line of horror and death that would force itself through, and by their utter disregard of self give confidence and hope to their fighting brothers.

The first honour conferred by England's King in France since the war was on a woman—Mlle. Eugenie Antoine, for conspicuous bravery and devotion to English wounded during the shelling of the village of Vailly-sur-Aisne; he bestowed upon her the Royal decoration of the Red Cross. In the great Cathedral there peals forth a deep, beautiful voice, and the heads of the worshippers are raised, for there is hope, triumph, victory in that grand song. Purses are opened, and jewels and gold offered

with both hands. It is Calvé, singing as she never sang before. Day in, day out she reaps rich harvest for her beloved soldiers, and tireless she goes from hospital to hospital lulling to rest with her tender voice those poor broken boys; singing as a mother sings to her little ailing babe, till its cries are hushed and all its pains forgot.

Réjane gives not only her theatre but the work of her hands to the helpless sick, her company helping her royally. Bernhardt opens her purse strings wider and wider, and gives, too, her theatre, but chafes that the autumn of life is hers, so that she may not also go forth.

Delicate women are scrubbing hospital floors, washing hospital dishes, working unceasingly; girls whose dainty feet touched earth so lightly now tramp many weary miles to carry food to the tired men, or stand for uncounted hours over great coppers of soup for the homeless and hungry.

The marvellous jewels that only a few short months ago flashed at the greatest ball of the season—"the Jewel Ball," as it was called—have been given by their owners to swell the war fund.

The costly coats of leopard and ermine, in which "my lady" loved to wrap herself, have gone, gone to keep the cruel frost from striking too bitterly some watching sentry.

The woman who tills the ground with her baby tied to her aching shoulders, smiles bravely, even though she dare not think of the fate of her absent man, works and smiles and complains not. The little maid whose limbs were shattered by a German bomb dropped from an aeroplane, showed the same spirit, and when tender hands bore her poor broken body to the hospital, whispered: "It is nothing!" Always, always this self-forgetfulness!

She prays, too, this little Parisienne, prays as St. Geneviève prayed, when in days of yore she saved Paris from the hordes of Attila, prays as her mother prayed, perhaps in the same old church, whilst bursting shells made hideous music all around, and the armies of '70-'71 fought and died. Prays calm and unmoved amid it all, and turns not her eyes nor ceases to chant her litanies.

# Tasmania as a Holiday Resort.

## THE WONDERFUL WEST COAST.

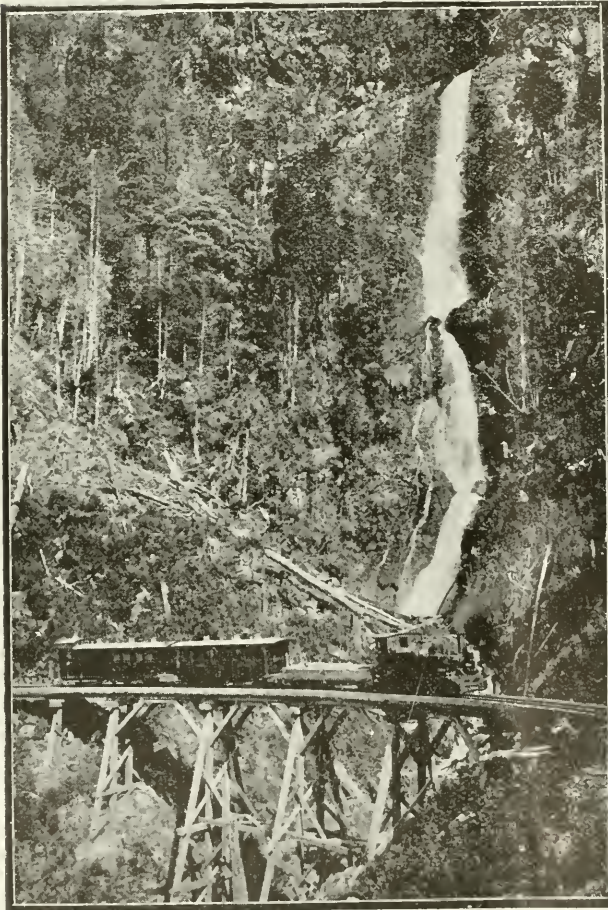
Tasmania has the distinction of owning the finest roads in the Commonwealth, but you cannot get to the West by road. Motors must be left behind, and either rail or steamer employed. A direct boat runs from Melbourne to

to Tasmania's wild west that *bona fide* tourists or pleasure-seekers can procure tickets at a specially reduced rate at the Tasmanian Government office in Melbourne over the company's railway to Zeehan, and that they can book right through to Queenstown (Mt. Lyell) if they so desire.

### ZEEHAN.

Zeehan is a fair-sized town, but it is difficult to quote its population, since it varies with the decline or ascent of the mining industry. Population, however, does not affect the tourist, and he is more interested to know that a most enjoyable holiday can be spent in and around Zeehan. Perhaps the principal sight is a trip over the 2 ft. gauge railway to Williamsford, 18 miles away in the mountains. The line takes its sinuous way round the hills, ever climbing, passing through seemingly impenetrable myrtle forests, traversing river gorges, and threading fern groves, and invading the habitat of the waratah and other Tasmanian wild flowers. Fourteen miles from Zeehan the way is over a high viaduct crossing a tremendous gorge formed by a stream that comes tumbling down (its spray often reaching the train) a cliff of nearly 400 feet, in full view of the passengers. This is the Montezuma Falls.

There are many other outings from Zeehan, not the least interesting being the walk to the top of Mt. Zeehan, by track of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, whence a magnificent panoramic view is obtainable.



MONTEZUMA FALLS, WEST COAST, TAS.

Strahan every ten days, but the popular way of travelling is per s.s. *Oonah* from Melbourne to Burnie, and thence by the Emu Bay Company's railway to Zeehan, which junctions with the Government line to the port of Strahan. It should be noted by intending visitors





KING RIVER, LOOKING SOUTH.

## STRAHAN.

This is the port of the West Coast. It is a picturesque town, and well worthy of the attention of the traveller. The People's Park is a romantic spot, where Nature's work has been assisted by the energetic townsmen. Trips can be arranged either from Strahan or from Kelly Basin (Pillinger) to the famous

## GORDON RIVER,

the greatest show place of the West Coast, and perhaps of Australia. The scenery is a perfect panorama of enthralling beauties, and words fail to convey any idea of its picturesqueness or grandeur. If the Gordon River has any rival in Australasia, it is the famous Wanganui (New Zealand) alone.

The railway connecting Strahan with Queenstown (Mt. Lyell) skirts Macquarie Harbour for a few miles, and then follows for a considerable distance the sinuous course of the King River, through natural scenery scarcely surpassed anywhere.

The principal sight at Queenstown is, of course, the great mine. Its wonderful machinery plant has won a

world-wide reputation, and visits to the works are always courteously permitted.

Places that can be visited from Queenstown are Gormanston, where the mine itself is situated, and Linda, whence a railway runs to Pillinger, Tasmania's "Deserted Village." The North Lyell railway passes through some fine scenery for the last ten miles, near Kelly Basin. From the terminus trips can be arranged to the Gordon River, before mentioned.

## HOW TO DO THE TRIP.

Leaving Melbourne by *Oonah* at 1 p.m. on a Tuesday or Friday, the passenger can be at Zeehan at midday following and at Mt. Lyell by evening if desired. Most of the places mentioned could be seen in a week—easily in ten days. The cost of a week's trip to the West Coast, Lyell, and the Gordon could be made to run out at less than £12, first class; allowing five guineas for return fares, £3 for the motor launch to the Gordon, and £3 for hotel expenses. All information as to this and other trips in Tasmania can be obtained at the Tasmanian Government Agency, 59 William-street, Melbourne.

# NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

## LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

**The Memoirs of Admiral Lord Charles Beresford.** (Methuen, 30/- net.)

The biography of a sailor who has seen the old Navy out and the new Navy in must, in any case, be full of interest, how much the more so when, like Lord Charles Beresford's, it is packed with valuable information truly historic, with such advice as a man who has "done things" best knows how to give. It is seamed with the raciest of anecdotes; moreover, there is not a word of ill-feeling or rancour, and only an occasional expression of disapproval such as that aroused when, speaking of Lord Granville's action, or inaction, at the time when we intended to evacuate Egypt.

Lord Charles Beresford was born at Curraghmore, County Waterford, in 1846, one of five brothers who have all been keen sportsmen, hard riders, high-couraged and adventurous. Lord Charles tells his own story, which possesses the fascination one might expect when a madcap Irishman sets out at the age of sixty-eight to recall the experiences of fifty years of active life. His account is supplemented by historical and other notes from the hand of Mr. Cope Cornford. Dedicated by the Admiral to his brother officers, his hope is that boys and girls as well as their elders may find pleasure in it. Alas, for any young middy who, fired by some of the stories, attempts the pranks which Charles Beresford played! Here is one of those he recounts:—

Captain Houston Stewart used to fish from the stern gallery when his ship was at anchor. He tied his line to the rail and went back into his cabin, returning every few minutes to see if he had a fish. Beneath the stern gallery opened the ports of the gun room. With a hooked stick I drew in his line, attached a red herring to the hook, dropped it in again, and when the captain came to feel his line I jerked it. He hauled it up in a hurry. Instantly after he sent for the midshipmen, and for some reason or other he picked me out at once.

"You did that, Beresford," he said. "Most impertinent! Your leave will be stopped." Next day, however, he let me off.

But the jokes are not confined to the middy stage of his life; he claims to be the only man who has ridden a pig in Park Lane:—

As I was returning home from a dance in the calm of a summer morning, accompanied by a friend, a herd of swine came by, and among them a huge animal trotted pre-eminent. I wagered £5 that I would ride that great pig into Piccadilly, dashed into the herd, took a flying leap upon the pig's back, and galloped all down Park Lane, pursued with shouts by the swineherd. As I turned into Piccadilly the swineherd caught me a clout on the head, knocking me off my steed, but not before I won my wager.

His brothers would be no strangers to his pranks. Here is one he played on Lord William. Lord Charles never cared for politics except as a means of promoting the interests of the Service, but even an election he found means to enliven. In 1874, when standing as a candidate for Waterford, he came across a billposter pasting up his opponent's bills. Oddly enough the man does not seem to have known him, so Lord Charles offered to show him the proper way to post bills:—

He handed me his long hairy brush and a pailful of a horrible stinking compound, and I pasted up a bill in the way I was born to it.

"Sure," says he, "ye can paste bills with anny man that God ever put two legs under." "Tis clear ye're a grand billposter," says he. "Didn't I tell ye?" says I.

And with that I caught him a lick with the tull brush across the face, so that the hairs flicked all round his head, and with a loud cry he turned and fled away. Armed with the pail and the brush, away I started after him, but my foot caught in the lap of the long coat I had on, and down I came, and knocked my nose on the ground, so that it bled all over me, and I had to go back to the inn. I took the rest of the placards, and the pail and the brush, and drove home, arriving very late. My brother Bill was in bed and sound asleep. Without waking him, I pasted the whole of his room with bills, "Vote for Longbottom, the Friend of the People." I pasted them on the walls, and



on the door, and on his bed, and on his towels, and on his trousers, and on the floor. Then I went to bed.

In the morning he awakened me, wearing a pale and solemn countenance.

"Charlie," said he, "there's some bold men among the enemy."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"They are great boys," said he. "Why one of them got into my room last night."

"Impossible," said I.

"Come and see," said he. "When I woke this morning I thought I had gone mad."

But these and many another anecdote are only interludes. The stories which will fire young and old alike are such as we get in the description of the bombardment of Alexandria, during which Commander Beresford and his ship, the *Condor*, attained such fame. In a private letter he says he turned up all the hands and made them this notable speech: "I said the Admiral's orders were to 'keep out of range until an opportunity occurred.' So I said to the men: 'Now, my lads, if you will rely upon me to find the opportunity, I will rely upon you to make the most of it when it occurs.'" The Marabout fort was the second largest fort, a long way off from the place to be attacked by the ironclads, and thought to be impossible for the smaller ships, as they would certainly get sunk, so the orders given were that they were to keep out of fire, but be ready if an opportunity occurred to assist. But Fort Marabout began shelling the ironclads engaged with the near forts. So Beresford knew the "opportunity" had occurred. He writes: "I thought we should have a real rough time of it, as I knew of the heavy guns, and I knew that one shot fairly placed must sink us. But I hoped to be able to dodge the shoals, of which there were

many, and get close in, when I was quite sure they would fire over us. . . . One heavy shot struck the water about six feet from the ship, wetting everybody, and bounded over us in a ricochet."

Or take another, that terrible and heroic Khartoum story of 1884-5, when officer after officer had been killed or wounded, Beresford himself having to be helped on board the Nile boat. On January 26th he took the *Safieh* down to Metemmeh, where a few days later Stuart-Wortley came with the news of the death of Gordon and the imminent danger of Sir Charles Wilson. The journey of the *Safieh*, "a penny steamer in a packing case, bullets going through her as through paper," can never be forgotten, nor her heroic commander, nor the chief engineer, Mr. Benbow, who, under fire the whole time and with an engine-room too red-hot for even a greased negro to enter, managed to repair the boiler plate under difficulties which must convince us that truth is stranger than fiction. The plate with which the boiler was mended is now preserved at Greenwich Hospital, and the story is preserved in this book.

Lord Charles Beresford's work in the House is well known, especially his insistence upon a fit Navy. He pays a deserved tribute to W. T. Stead, and his action with regard to the Navy when on *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Naturally his lot brought him amongst celebrities of all ranks, and of these much that is interesting is told in these memorials of a man who when he joined his ship as a naval cadet overheard one sailor saying to another, "That white-faced little chap isn't long for this world!"

## VIVID STORIES OF THE SEA.

**The Game of Life and Death.** By Lincoln Colcord (Macmillan, 2/6).

Mr. Colcord has a wonderful faculty of making his characters live, and he sets them in scenes with which he is evidently thoroughly familiar, which he describes with vivid pen. The volume before us contains many stories of the China seas, each and all of them splendidly told. The majority have already

been published in American magazines, but the present collection in book form should have a wide sale in Australasia. Perhaps the most remarkable of all the tales is the one which gives the title to the volume. Nichols, a captain in the coast wise trade of China, tells the story of how his vessel was captured by pirates, and of how he escapes, thanks to the marvellous coolness of Lee Fu, a

Chinese merchant. He narrates his experiences in order to show that in latent force the Chinaman is far ahead of his white neighbours. The two were playing cards when the piratical hord overwhelmed the crew. Lee Fu compelled Nichols to go on playing, and the pirates found them intently engaged on the game when they entered the cabin. This is what followed:—

While the game went on, more and more men kept filing into the forward cabin. I was shoved against the edge of the table; I could feel them pressing behind me, coming down the forward companionway. There must have been fifty cut-throats about us; the after cabin was full, too, and you could hear them passing word of the game back to the rear. Their faces were savage, brutish, ferocious; they grunted and snarled, baring white teeth; they leered at me malevolently, thrusting their yellow visages forward to catch my attention. I returned their scrutiny with a blank gaze, glanced to my left, and saw extended a smooth yellow arm, dripping with blood; shuddered, and turned my eyes back to the game.

After cleaning out Nichols, during which process the watching pirates become intensely excited, Lee Fu invites the leader to a game.

The leader of the crew had pulled from some inside pocket a bag of coin, a considerable sum of money. He was no stranger to the game. My head had cleared now, with the removal of the dreadful necessity for action; I was able to follow and grasp the details of what was going on. Considered apart, the delicacy of the game was amazing; you who have never seen Chinamen play poker can hardly appreciate it. It seemed to make no difference what they held—they didn't depend on the cards. Bluff was the game. Time and again they bet on hands that any one of us would have thrown down; and both having the same style of attack, as you might say, the same daring, the same abandon, it was surprising how often they matched with nothing, and clashed over empty hands.

Knowing what was in his mind, I

saw after a little while that the honours went to Lee Fu Chang. At the opening of the game he had won a few hands; and immediately afterwards had lost heavily, to an accompaniment of guttural cries from the infernal crew. Then he had begun to win again, slowly—so slowly that with each gain he held the gambling spirit of his countrymen, with each loss he drew them farther on. Like a man manipulating the fine wires of some instrument, he played surely, cunningly, this masterful double game. His adversary, it soon developed, was a poker-player to be reckoned with. How to clean him out, and yet keep the flame alive among his men; more than this, how to lash them, madden them, intoxicate them, so that at the last the flame would burn brightest—here was a problem for all acuteness and power. The strain upon me, though I had nothing but a passive part, was terrific.

But after suspense that seemed to be stretched out through long hours, standing there and watching Lee Fu's winnings ebb and flow, the tide coming in each time with an amount slightly increased, I felt approaching the culmination that he desired. It was in the air—he had them! I knew it from sudden movements of the crowd, from the rapid shuffling of feet, from the swaying of shoulders and the jerking of heads, from smothered but violent words. Slight things, but evidences of an excitement barely controlled. It was in the air. They had forgotten life, gain, and the business of the night—they were mad with the game.

Lee Fu picked up his hand, and glanced across at his opponent's resources. They were growing very small.

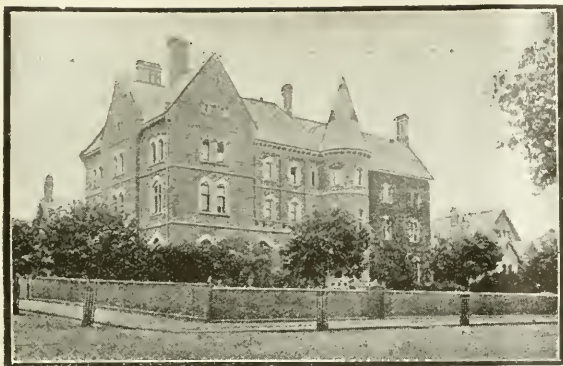
"I want no cards," he said. "I will bet five dollars."

The other drew two cards, examined them, and slipped his hand together into a neat pack.

"Five dollars more," he said.

The betting continued; we leaned forward above the table. Ten, twenty, fifty dollars—at length Lee Fu's opponent threw down his last dollar, and called. He spread out his cards before him one by one, a flush in hearts.





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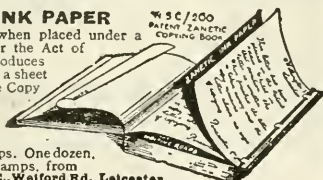
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"I have a full house," said Lee Fu, showing his cards, and raking the pile toward his side of the table.

The other man got up. Lee Fu sat motionless, silently regarding him. He seemed lost in thought; his hands played with the heap of silver and gold on the table. I held my breath. A moment passed, a finespun interval. Suddenly Lee Fu spoke in a voice of fire.

"Sit down!" he said. "I will give you a stake worth playing for. I will bet all that is here, many dollars, all that I have; together with two lives and a fine ship of European build. If you win, they are yours, to do with as you will. But if I win, you and your men are to leave us as you found us, and go. Now we will play . . . one hand, Sit down!"

The Chinaman seemed to break and falter—turned to his men, speaking in a rapid patter of dialect. I caught a few words. An argument was going on; they didn't fully understand the offer and the terms. But when he had spoken for a time, I saw their eagerness shining in their eyes. An explosion of cries burst out; wiry arms shot forth, pointing towards the table and the game. The man sat down. His face for a moment lost its immobility; he stretched out his hands like a man inspired.

"Play!" he cried.

Swifter than thought, Lee Fu had dealt the cards. He picked up his hand, held it before him an instant, selected deliberately one card, and threw it away; the other four he made into a pack, and placed face downward on the table. I thought rapidly. He might be holding two pair; he might be hoping to complete a flush, with a number of chances; or he might be bidding for a straight, in which case his hand would be worthless if one particular card didn't come his way. I tried to read his face. Anything to end the awful suspense—hope or despair, it didn't much matter. But only the blank page confronted me.

The other had thrown away two cards. My instant thought was that he

held three of a kind. They would beat Lee Fu's two pair—would beat anything that Lee Fu held now, for who could hope to complete a scattered hand at such a pass? We were beaten already. And yet. . . .

Without a word, Lee Fu dealt his adversary two cards; then took the next card on the pack, his card, and calmly looked at it. A glance was enough—he placed it face downward on the top of the other four. A pause fell, and the eyes of the two men met across the table.

Until that instant I hadn't realised the added grimness of this hand. There was to be no betting, no issue of personalities, no escape from the decree—nothing but luck, the cold and unchangeable cards. We lost or we won. Life hung by a hair. . . . I watched it straining. And yet, some of the madness of the game must have taken hold even of me; for I remember that, as I waited for their eyes to finish the battle, my nerves quieted and my heart grew still. Beyond the bounds of terror lies a realm of delirious and ghastly joy.

The outlaw laid down his cards. He held a straight flush in spades, headed by the queen.

Wonderful luck!—he had completed this hand with two cards out; he had not held three of a kind. Irresistible luck—fatal luck. I gasped, and my eyes wandered to Lee Fu. Perhaps I felt that in the stress of our predicament, the emotions that gripped me might at last find an answer there. His face was placid, smooth, serene, like the face of a Buddha carved out of soft stone. Meditatively, he picked up the little pack of his hand and turned the upper card, the card that he had drawn. It was the ace of hearts. He turned the others slowly, placing the cards in a methodical row, his eyes on each card as it fell, as if confirming the miracle for his own satisfaction—king, queen, knave, and ten-spot, all of hearts. He had completed a royal flush, the highest combination that the cards afford.

I leaned against the table, faint and exhausted. The two men stood up, fac-

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ing each other. Lee Fu waved a hand, a slight gesture towards the cards. The tiers of faces pressed forward, gazing wildly, incredulously. A murmur ran through the room, increasing to a spluttering outburst of jargon. The leader cried out sharply; the uproar ceased. For some seconds a tense silence held, while they looked their fill.

Then Lee Fu's opponent raised his hand, and uttered a command. The yellow forms began to stream past me, making for the forward companionway. I felt them brush my elbows, I smelled their breath as they muttered imprecations in my face; some of them spat at me. They melted from the room like ghosts, furtive and noiseless; before I had taken my eyes from the cards that had spelled out deliverance we were alone with the leader of the crew.

He rested his hands on the table, devouring the cards with his gaze. He was loath to leave. A shout came down the companion. He started, dragged himself to the door, and turned. There, as if overcome by the inadequacy of all speech and expression, he made a hopeless movement with his shoulders, and suddenly was gone. We stood like wooden images, hearing his thick-soled shoes clatter up the stairs.

They were gone. I sank to the settee, bolt upright, and waited in an appalling silence—waited and listened, fearing that what had come to pass was only another trick of fate, expecting minute by minute that they would be back—armed with death . . . that they were already turning, gathering outside the door. Lee Fu stood above his marvellous cards, without motion or sound. Ten minutes must have gone by. But after those departing steps on the stairs we heard no more. They had vanished whence they came. They had slunk off like men in fear, like men rebuked by fate; they had withdrawn quietly hoping to be unobserved of the gods, ere they had overstepped too far the forbidden line. They had incurred dire penalties; they had opposed one obviously under divine protection. Me, the white devil, they had hated; they had spat upon me. But they had left

me alive, and gone. I bowed my head on the table, and let my nerves have their run.

When I looked up, Lee Fu was fingering the pile of coin that was the least of his winnings. He spread both hands flat upon it, and pressed down, thinking his own thoughts. With a rush the realisation, the awakening, came to me. He had won all—*all!* The ship—our lives . . . and this, too, the last straw. Reckoned by the coin of the earth, he had made a good night of it. He had won perhaps a thousand dollars; he had cleaned them out. These men had stood beside us, filling the cabin, ready to strike us down; they had left with us, as it were, a few slight tokens—their ready money and their odour and they were *gone*. They had returned to the barren, unnatural country of their habitation; a shore of death, defended by outlying reefs—a land where no man was seen to move by day. Before God, if it hadn't been for what we found, I could have discredited my best senses, could have doubted their reality altogether.

After an hour of waiting we went on deck, and picked our way cautiously forward among the wreckage. The ship seemed deserted. I lit a lantern in the galley; the first ray of light along the deck disclosed the reason of the deep silence. We were alone on the vessel, Lee Fu and I. My Chinamen had been killed to the last man. They lay in hideous postures, as if thrown down violently from a great height. A pile of bodies choked each fore-castle door. The knife had done it all.

I staggered aft, and walked blindly down the port alley way, trying to get as far off as I could. The lantern had gone out. I remember that I flung it overboard. A puff of cool land-breeze, thick with the odour of flowers, came across the water. Life seemed very sweet. Land was near—I smelled it. The world waited for me; it was still the same. When we touch death with our finger-tips, and feel how cold it is, we discover that we're all selfish beasts at heart. I drank in deep draughts of living air, and gloried in the postpone-





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ment of my dissolution, in the opportunity to follow for awhile longer the trivial round of my habits and affairs.

"Lee Fu, I have to thank you for my life," I said. He had ranged up beside me at the rail.

"No, no, Captain," he remonstrated. "You do not understand. The gods have favoured us."

"No one but you," I said, "could have played and won that game."

"My friend," answered Lee Fu, "the gods were trying me. I felt it, and had faith. Your European way is very bad. You would have taken upon yourself the work of the gods, and solved your own destiny. You would have flourished your revolver, and shot a few; and, finally, many would have killed you in horrible ways, as you have seen. An uninteresting method, you admit. It seemed better to play; and we were amply repaid by the game. As for the matter of winning or losing, that concerned us not at all. I left it entirely with the gods. They sent the cards."

(Continued from page 57.)

made use of, and this was the case in the Congo. But, though I have, it is true, seen a Belgian red cross man commit the idiocy of having a pistol strapped to his belt, I have proved them most humane, and that in the face of great provocation, in their treatment of the German wounded. Just as I believe the worst accounts of German atrocities to be often much exaggerated, so I am convinced that there have been no atrocities at all on the part of the Belgians. They are often foolish; brave enough, but panicky at the wrong moments—as when the Germans were within a few kilometres of Ghent, and several thousand Gardes Civiques threw their uniforms in the canal, and were running about in pink and blue underclothing! Also, it is certain, that if the enemy had made a perfectly peaceful entry into the town, there would have been some hot-headed Belgian, with false ideas of courage, who would have shot at them. The Belgian organisation leaves much to be desired, and when the enemy is almost at the gate, you will see the soldiers on leave quite drunk by the afternoon. But the Belgian soldier is one of the bravest creatures, and one of the gayest on earth. He sticks a rose in his rifle and goes off to certain death with a song on his lips and a prayer in his soul, and a devotion to his country in his heart which has never been surpassed.

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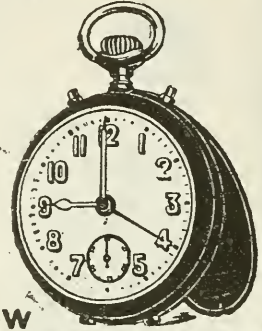
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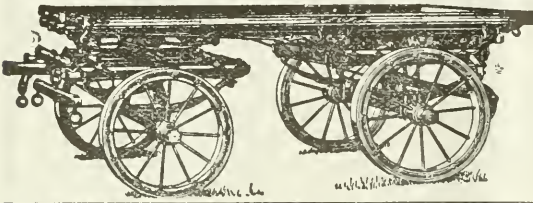
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# AMERICA AND THE WAR.

## WHAT AMERICA THINKS.

*The Literary Digest* has taken a careful referendum of some 400 editors in the United States on the question of American sympathies in the war. Those who assert that the United States leans unduly to the Germans will find such a myth absolutely dispelled. *The Digest* has earned the thanks of all true lovers of America in thus nailing the lie to the counter in such a convincing and thorough manner. It is significant that even amongst the most downright supporters of the Allies the editors state that it is not Germany and the Germans that they and their readers condemn, but Prussian militarism. Naturally the pro-Germans sentiment follows pretty closely the geographical distribution of the German - American population. Hardly any German sympathisers are to be found in the Eastern States. The marked leaning of New England toward the Allies may be the effect of the lineage of the majority of the inhabitants, just as the pro-German tendency of the Central States or of regions in the far Northwest proceeds from the heavy population of Germans and German-Americans in this region. In the Southern and South-western States, whose people are principally of English ancestry, sympathy inclines to the Allies, while the Western States to the Coast seem of the same bent, though less markedly. Part explanation of this condition is found in the statement of one authority that in certain sections "the Teutonic element is far in the minority." Briefly, the result of this interesting enquiry may be thus summarised:—

Of the 367 replies, 105 editors report that they favour the Allies, 20 favour the Germans, and 242 are neutral. Of the pro-Ally editors, 34 are in the Eastern States, 13 in the Central, 47 in the Southern and 11 in the Western. Only one pro-German editor hails from the Eastern States, while 10 are from the Central, 5 from the Southern and

4 from the Western Group. The neutral editors number 43 in the Eastern States, 112 in the Central, 51 in the Southern, and 36 in the Western.

The editors were asked to say what was the feeling amongst the people as far as they were able to judge. According to them—

The feeling of the cities and towns represented is reported as favouring the Allies in 189 cases, for the Germans in 38, and neutral or divided in 140.

The pro-Ally cities and towns heard from total 52 in the Eastern division, 40 in the Central, 71 in the Southern, and 26 in the Western.

The pro-German communities are 2 in the Eastern group, 29 in the Central, 4 in the Southern, and 3 in the Western.

Cities and towns reckoned as neutral or divided number 24 in the Eastern States, 66 in the Central, 28 in the Southern, and 22 in the Western.

*The Digest* shows that of the foreign white stock in the United States, the Germans easily predominate. The figures are interesting:—

Germany ... ..	8,250,000
Ireland ... ..	4,500,000
Canada ... ..	2,750,000
Russia ... ..	2,500,000
England ... ..	2,250,000
Italy ... ..	2,100,000
Austria ... ..	2,000,000
Sweden ... ..	1,300,000
Norway ... ..	1,000,000
Hungary ... ..	700,000
Scotland ... ..	650,000
Denmark ... ..	400,000

There are in all, therefore, some 12,000,000 people of German and Austrian stock in the States—about one-seventh of the entire population—and 10,000,000 British, Irish and Canadian. Of the 8,250,000 credited to Germany, 2,500,000 were born in that country, 3,900,000 were born in the States, both parents being, however, German, and 1,850,000 born there had only one German parent. The great majority of the German-American population is to be found in the Middle West.



## THE OVER SEAS CLUB.

### OBJECTS.

1. To help one another.
2. To render individual service to our Empire, if need be to bear arms.
3. To insist on the vital necessity to the Empire of British supremacy on the sea.
4. To draw together in the bond of comradeship the peoples now living under the folds of the British flag.

The Over Seas' Club is strictly non-party, non-sectarian, and recognises no distinction of class. Its members reside in all parts of the world *outside* the United Kingdom. Membership is open to any British subject, British-born or naturalised.

Information concerning the Over Seas Club can be obtained from the following:—

**United Kingdom.**—The Organiser, Over Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.

**Australia: Victoria.**—F. H. Denton, Empire Arcade, Flinders-street, Melbourne.

**New South Wales.**—Herbert Easton, British Immigration League, 14 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

**Queensland.**—Sidney Austen (Hon. State Secretary), Toowoomba.

**South Australia.**—A. E. Davey, Curriestreet, Adelaide.

**Tasmania.**—H. T. Gould, J.P. (President), 73 Liverpool-street, Hobart; S. Dobson-Hesp (Hon. Sec.), 50 Murray-street, Hobart.

**New Zealand.**—J. K. Macfie (Hon. Dominion Secretary), 79 Castle-street, Dunedin.

**Melbourne.**—The branch began the new year well. The phenomenal growth of the Club made it imperative to leave the old premises, and move into more ample quarters. The Old Commercial Travellers' Club provided just what was wanted, and the Over Seas is now comfortably housed there. It is peculiarly appropriate that this move into better quarters should take place on the very day that the announcement was made of the well-deserved honour our popular president received from the King. Sir David Hennessey has done a great deal for the Club, and it is largely due to his efforts that it has been such a great success in Melbourne. All members are delighted over the honour done him.

**Dunedin.**—The Dunedin branch has done splendid work for the Belgians. Mr. Macfie, the hon. Dominion secretary, writing early in December, says that "up to date we have given £25 to the local fund for the relief of local distress, and have cabled £170 to London for the British and Belgian Fund. At present we have the Otago School Children's Christmas Fund for Belgian children going on strongly, and have already handed over £60 from the children. The fund is not yet closed. The branch has shipped already 66 large cases of splendid clothing, gifts, etc., to London, valued approximately at £1200. More are to follow. The distribution

will be attended to by the Central Committee at the Club's headquarters for the British and Belgian Relief. On Hospital Saturday the Over Seas Club had the Grand Hotel stand. This was artistically decorated by Miss Hume, and the ladies in the Belgian national costume gave the stand a very gay appearance. The ladies of the Club not only collected for the Belgian fund, they also gave several excellent entertainments." There were many stands throughout the city, but the Over Seas' topped the list with £142 14s. 2d. In fact, no other stand did half as well, and Miss Sinclair and her able assistants deserve every praise. Altogether Dunedin has set a magnificent example which other branches will not be slow to follow.

**Hobart.**—The membership continues to increase satisfactorily. Mr. H. T. Gould has moved to 73 Liverpool-street. The hon. secretary reports that everything is going on in a most satisfactory manner.

**Toowoomba.**—Mr. Austen writes that 54 members subscribe 1s. weekly towards the local patriotic fund, and a respectable sum of money has been collected for supplying our soldiers and sailors at the front with smoking comforts. The plan of a weekly levy might well be adopted with advantage by other branches.

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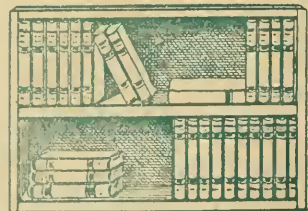
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